

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 10, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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DECEMBER 10, 1956

Volume 5, Number 54

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COVER: DISTANCE RUNNER
A painting by Horton Roberts

Shortly before the Olympic Games began, this week's cover painting was finished and sent to the engravers. Then Tom Courtney, with his magnificent victory for the U.S. in the 800-meter race, made Nature follow Art so precisely in showing the agony of championship that he literally made a prophet of Painter Roberts.



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FLOYD PATTERSON: THE MAN THE SYSTEM COULDN'T BEAT

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ALL THE OLYMPIC MEDAL WINNERS

WINTER SPORTS: A PREVIEW OF THE SKI YEAR AND A FISHERMAN'S GUIDE TO THE KEYS WITH A MAP EVERYONE WILL WANT



Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



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Prince Matchabelli

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

EACH WEEK brings its welcome share of visitors to the offices of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. One recent week, for instance, included calls by Decathlon Champion Bob Mathias, en route to Melbourne as President Eisenhower's official representative at the Olympic Games; Harold S. Vanderbilt, shaking his head over the new attention from his four-part piece in this magazine; Ruth Glory, our Aug. 27 cover girl (still in riding costume) with her mother and doctor father straight from the Madison Square Garden Horse Show; and Chuck Conroy, the New York Giants' quarterback on our cover last week.

But perhaps the most pleasant surprise of all was Mrs. Tom Leach of Tulsa, Okla. and Bismarck, N.D.

Like many of us these days, Mrs. Leach, a real breath of fresh air with just the proper Southern drawl and the assurance of the wide open spaces, had been shopping. She had come to New York to celebrate a small windfall from what she called her effusive husband's "hobby." It seems that some of his Dakota cattle lately went to market for a cool \$45,444 that was just extra. Anyway, here was Mrs. Leach in New York and she decided to go down to the famous Macy's to get some sheets for the ranch. After buying \$75 worth, for which the floorwalker skayed her check, she gave mind to the weather outside. "It's raining cats and dogs and I can't go back to the hotel just to get a little money to finish my shopping. You've got to cash another check for me."

The floorwalker couldn't have been more understanding. But this was against Macy's policy. "Do you have a D.A.?" he inquired.

"Back in Tulsa we've got the finest district attorney in the whole country," said Mrs. Leach.

"I don't mean that," he said. "I mean a Macy's deposit account."

This was clearly leading nowhere, and he finally asked Mrs.

Leach what identification she had. She showed him many cards. Then she came up with the Nov. 12 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

"I read that magazine all the time," he said.

She turned to page 32, which has the picture you see here of Mrs. Leach as hostess at a hunting dinner on their North Dakota ranch, "where a man can see three days ahead." Mrs. Leach went on to explain some details about the dinner.

Macy's cashed the check.

"Imagine that," Mrs. Leach exclaimed. "The best identification I could have in New York is this old *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*."



MRS. TOM LEACH

Harry Phillips

HOTBOX

The Questions

*Which is more fun,
playing college football
or pro football?*



KYLE ROTE



SMU
N.Y. Giants
End and halfback

Both games are a lot of fun, but they are totally different. Although the pro game is tougher, I get as big a bang out of it as I ever did when I was a college kid, eager to play every minute. I also like the life of a pro off the field—traveling, seeing new cities, meeting new people.

FRANK GIFFORD



USC
N.Y. Giants
Halfback

Pro football. The drudgery is all over. A pro knows the fundamentals. No more tackling dummies, scrimmages, etc. We just drill for specific games. There's also a helluva lot of spirit in a pro team, and I enjoy the loose competition. In five years, I've made many close friends among the pros.

LES RICHTER



U. of California
Los Angeles Rams
Linebacker

Pro football. The stranger of two college teams usually wins, but with the pros one mistake usually means the game. The demand for alertness and perfection on every play and the tremendous spirit on the Rams squad has made pro football my most enjoyable experience in sports.

JOE CHILDRESS



Auburn
Chicago Cardinals
Fullback

Pro football. First, it's tougher. Second, you play only one way, offense or defense. Third, there are fewer restrictions. You are treated like a man and can live your own life. Fourth, it's a business in which it is natural for you to play your best. Fifth and very important, there's that pay check every week.

CHUCK BEDNARIK



U. of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia Eagles
Linebacker

Professional football. It's a much more highly skilled game. You play with the best against the best. Now don't get me wrong. I thoroughly enjoyed college football at Penn., but the Eagles have a slogan: "There's no football like pro football." I agree with this slogan 100%.

ALAN (THE HORSE) AMERSE



U. of Wisconsin
Baltimore Colts
Fullback

You can't top the fun of campus football. I owe a lot to the University of Wisconsin. Where would I be without college football? Sure, there's fun in pro ball, but there's more informality in college. The pressure to win is the same in both games, and you must play as hard.

BOBBY LAYNE



U. of Texas
Detroit Lions
Quarterback

There's no comparison. In the NFL you face the greatest players. It's a real challenge. Our team spirit is as strong or stronger than that of the best college clubs. Money wouldn't keep us in football if we didn't love the game. As great as college football is, the pro game is more fun to play.

BILL MURKIN



U. of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh Steelers
End

Football is the same as any other occupation. As you move up, the challenge gets greater and, if it's successfully met, the satisfaction is greater. College ball was a fine experience, but I've felt more of a sense of accomplishment in the pros. The fun and desire to win are as intense in college.

YORIN ROTE



Rice
Green Bay Packers
Quarterback

Pro ball is more fun because I get more action. In college most of the teams run out of the straight T. Sometimes I did not pass more than five times a game. In the pros, with the spread ends and flankers, I run and throw more. Sometimes I threw as much as 30 to 40 times a game.

NEXT WEEK:

In the light of Olympic performances, what sport do you think is the best body builder?

COMING EVENTS

Dec. 7 through Dec. 14

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Colgate vs. Columbia, Hamilton, N.Y.
Southern California vs. Wyoming, Los Angeles.
(Professional)

Boston vs. Minneapolis, Boston.
Fort Wayne vs. Syracuse; St. Louis vs. New York, St. Louis.

Boxing

● Tony Anthony vs. Gordon Wallace, light heavyweights (15 rds.), Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.

Hunting

Season for Wigham Sheep, Arizona (through Dec. 16).

Millions Olympics

Fear of 100-meter freestyle (women), 1,500-meter freestyle, high diving (women), water polo.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Cincinnati vs. DePaul, Cincinnati.
Purdue vs. Yale, New York.
Mushan vs. St. Joseph; NYU vs. Lafayette, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.
Mary vs. Pennsylvania, Maryland, Md.
Northwestern vs. Michigan, Lincoln, Neb.
Hagerty vs. Seton Hall; Central vs. Louisville, Darts.
North Carolina State vs. Penn State, Raleigh, N.C.
Northwestern vs. Pittsburgh, Evanston, Ill.
San Francisco vs. Seattle, San Francisco.
Southern California vs. Wyoming, Los Angeles.
Southern Methodist vs. Wisconsin, Dallas.
Wendell vs. Mississippi, Huston, Tex.
Wisconsin vs. Notre Dame, Madison, Wis.

(Professional)

New York vs. St. Louis, Milwaukee.
Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Rochester.
(Leading college games)

● Miami vs. Pittsburgh, Miami, 3:15 (NBC). See in-match: Miami's Bowler (40) and Pitt's Wilson (37).
Arlington State Junior College vs. Sonoma Junior College, Junior Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.
Pearl River, Miss. Junior College vs. Niagara, Texas Junior College, Hospitality Bowl, Garland, Miss.

(Professional)

● San Francisco vs. Green Bay, San Francisco, 1:30 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS).

Hockey

Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Ponce De Leon Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 mi., Tropical Park, Fla.

Millions Olympics

Soccer (men); shooting (women).

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9

Baseball

(Professional)

Fort Wayne vs. Rochester, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs. Boston, Syracuse.

Boxing

● National Ten Pin All-Star Tournament, Chicago, (men & women) (NBC*).

Football

(Professional) (CBS*)

● Chicago Bears vs. Chicago Cardinals, Chicago.
● Detroit vs. Pittsburgh, Detroit.
● Los Angeles vs. Baltimore, Los Angeles.
● New York vs. Cleveland, New York.
● Washington vs. Philadelphia, Washington.

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago.
New York vs. Detroit, New York.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Tennessee vs. Cincinnati, Knoxville, Tenn.
Colorado vs. Colorado A&M, Boulder, Col.
Baylor vs. St. Francis (Pa.), Pittsburgh.
Idaho vs. Utah State, Moscow, Idaho.
Kentucky vs. St. Louis, Lexington.
Maryland vs. Wake Forest, College Park, Md.
Miami vs. South Dakota, Columbia, Mo.
Rutgers vs. Wisconsin, Lincoln.
Utah (Salt) vs. Northwestern, South Bend.
Santa Clara vs. Seattle, San Jose, Calif.

Boxing

● Arch McBride vs. Alex Melfi, heavyweights (15 rds.).
● St. Nick's, 10:30 p.m. (By Most-TV). Match ref'd.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Chicago vs. North Carolina State, Clemson, S.C.
Columbia vs. Cornell, New York.
Detroit vs. Bowling Green State, Detroit.
Rutgers vs. Connecticut, New Brunswick, N.J.
Virginia vs. Wake Forest, Charlottesville, Va.

(Professional)

Fort Wayne vs. Boston; New York vs. St. Louis, New York.
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia.

Card Tennis

Appleton Cup Tennis Handicap, Resort & Tennis Club, New York.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Miami (Ohio) vs. Dayton, Oxford, Ohio.
North Carolina vs. George Washington, Norfolk, Va.
Syracuse vs. Niagara, Syracuse.
Texas vs. Oklahoma, Austin.
West Virginia vs. Penn State, Morgantown, West Va.

(Professional)

Minneapolis vs. New York; Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.
Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Paul Foreman vs. Carmelo Costa, flyweights (10 rds.).
● Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC). (Substitute for Roberto-Pulver middle-weight title bout.)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Seton Hall vs. Western Kentucky, New York vs. Georgetown, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.
St. Louis vs. Texas Christian, St. Louis.

Golf

Mayfair Inv Open Invitational, \$15,000, Mayfair Inv Country Club, Sanford, Fla. (through Dec. 16).

Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.
Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.

Tennis

USLTA Hard Court Championships, La Jolla Beach & Tennis Club, Calif. (through Dec. 18).

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14

Baseball

(College tournaments)

Birmingham Classic (through Dec. 15), Birmingham, Ala.
Chicago Invitational (through Dec. 15), Chicago.
Steel Bowl (through Dec. 15), Pittsburgh.

Boxing

● Yama Nakano vs. Jimmy Martin, middleweights (10 rds.).
● Cleveland Arena, 10 p.m. (NBC).

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Army vs. Columbia, West Point.
Colorado vs. Southern Cal., Boulder, Col.
Cornell vs. Harvard, Ithaca, N.Y.
Dayton vs. Cincinnati, Dayton.
Kansas State vs. Indiana, Manhattan, Kan.
Kentucky vs. Maryland, Lexington.
Miami vs. Florida, Miami.
Washington vs. Kansas, Seattle.
Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven.

(Professional)

Bayon vs. St. Louis, Boston.
Rochester vs. New York, Rochester.
● Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).

Football

● Notre Dame School (Kerrville, Texas) vs. McKeenport Optimal Midlets (McKeenport, Pa.), Milk Bowl, San Antonio, Texas, 2:15 p.m. (Mutual).

(Professional)

● Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia (CBS*).

Hockey

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Pinhook Cup, \$15,000, 3-yr.-olds up, 2 1/16 mi., Pimlico, Md.
Local Gallop Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 6 f., Tropical Park, Fla.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16

Baseball

(Professional)

Fort Wayne vs. New York, Fort Wayne.
Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis.
Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia.
Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse.

Football

(Professional) (CBS*)

● Washington vs. Pittsburgh, Washington, D.C.
● Chicago Bears vs. Detroit, Chicago.
● Los Angeles vs. Seem Bay, Los Angeles.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.
New York vs. Montreal, New York.

*See local listing.

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THE MAN THE SYSTEM COULD NOT BEAT

by MARTIN KANE

When Floyd Patterson knocked out Archie Moore to become history's youngest heavyweight champion, it was more than a ring triumph, it was also a defeat of the boxing monopoly

UNTIL 9:15 P.M. (Chicago time) on Friday night, the majority opinion of Floyd Patterson among the professional wise guys of boxing held that he was a brash upstart of a fighter who, though promising, had been brought along much too fast for his own good; that he was scarcely even a proper heavyweight, let alone a true contender, and, sadly, that his manager Gus D'Amato, one of the more independent minds of our time, was about to get his well-deserved comeuppance. A small, left-of-center group gave Patterson a pretty good chance to beat Archie Moore for the world's heavyweight title. A minuscule hard core of extremists picked Patterson to win.

The hard-core extremists had a wonderful good time celebrating until sunrise on Saturday morning. Floyd Patterson, facing only his 32nd professional opponent, knocked out the wily Archie Moore of the power-packed punch in two minutes 27 seconds of the fifth round and thereby became the youngest world's heavyweight champion ever.

Among the celebrating radicals was Sports Illustrated, which, on January 10, 1956 (exactly 10 months before), reported that "it is now as clear as anything can be in the future books of boxing that a little young Brooklyn Negro named Floyd Patterson—who celebrated his 21st birthday this month by challenging Rocky Marciano—will be the next Heavyweight Champion of the World." At that time Champion Marciano was three months from unexpected and undesired retirement and Patterson was not even listed among the heavyweights in *The Ring* magazine's authoritative rankings. He had not put on quite enough weight to be considered seriously.

There was another handicap. Manager D'Amato was beyond the pale of the ring's ruling powers. Patterson had been unable to get fights in the big time because D'Amato would not yield to demands that he give up 50% of his interest in the fighter in order, as the boxing saying goes, to "move him." But D'Amato had a few staunch friends and, in the end, was able to beat the system. They included

Ernie Loner, a pleasant, soft-spoken man who earned a living in the dress business and, mostly for sport, promoted fights at one of New York's lesser arenas, Eastern Parkway. Loner and his matchmaker, Vinnie Cerola, gave Patterson the fights he needed to create localized but intensive public interest in his career. It became apparent from these early fights that Patterson deserved far better recognition than he was getting. It became apparent also that he would have trouble getting it.

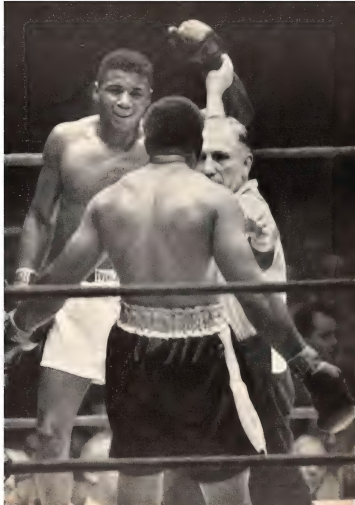
But on Patterson's 21st birthday, D'Amato raised a shout. He demanded a shot at Marciano. He harried the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and, finally, was admitted to the presence of the president. He had been offered \$4,000 for an IBC television shot at Hurricane Jackson. He got \$40,000. Floyd Patterson was on his way. The hard-core extremists began to wear grins.

But even these hardy fundamentalists were astounded by the high quality of Patterson's victory. They had expected him to win, but not so beautifully. This youth, an Olympic amateur champion only four years ago, performed with the poise of a skilled veteran, at ease and in charge at all times. In one poisoned punch he displayed a power that would not have shamed a Louis or a Dempsey. In somewhat less than five rounds he showed the defensive skill and tactical ascent genius of a Tunney. He did not fight in the style of any of these three—he fought like a Patterson—but he stepped grandly into their illustrious company.

To the extremists who favored him, this was the real surprise of the fight. For Patterson, performing against a seasoned opportunist, did not once indulge himself in an all-out version of the almost suicidal Ganssle Punch (SI, Nov. 28) that he has employed with Dionysian rapture against lesser opponents. ("I get a kind of elation out of it," says

continued on page 19

PRIDE AND CONCERN show in Patterson's face as, arm raised, he regards Moore's mild, shrugging protest at fight's end.



A CHAMPION ON THE ROAD

hours in years. Common justice requires that it happens to meet Marciano before the Brooklyn strongboy decides that unemployment is his permanently fated lot, the contender should be required to eliminate Moore first. And the logical choice for such a task is Patterson.

GR, Patterson, 197

• Floyd Patterson—perhaps as good as, perhaps better than the young Joe Louis—now stands at the door the Brown Bomber dated down 30 years ago. Your chance to see him fight any time soon, however, is dimmer than a discarded TV tube unless you happen to live in one of the way stations of boxing—in, say, Kansas City, Missouri or New Britain, Connecticut. It is nine months since Patterson appeared on television and it may be as long before he appears again.

GR, Moore, 192

"People ask me how I can tick \$300 million [a reference to the fortune Norris supposedly enjoyed]. I say Floyd Patterson has to be liked in the ring and there's nobody in the world who can do that. I'll tick \$300 million with Patterson. The public will demand him. If Marciano refuses no one will recognize a champion unless he fights Patterson first. [Markson agrees that this]

GR, April 10

Perhaps Floyd hears the throbbing of a distant drum—not a hallelujah drum in this case but a last-minute. Soon or later he will have his chance. Payday is coming, so sure as Friday. All that needs to happen now is that Harry Markson pick up a telephone and dial GR 5-0268 (D'Amato's Gramercy Gymnasium & Health Club) or that Gus D'Amato pick up a telephone and dial CI 5-8100 (the International Boxing Club). Will Gus do it first? Will Harry? The suspense is almost unbearable.

GR, April 10

THE FLOT SO FAR: Gus D'Amato, manager of the rising young heavyweight Floyd Patterson, and the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), colossus of the sport, were jangling. Neither would speak to the other. Patterson could get no TV fights. Rocky Marciano, world's heavyweight champion, was about to enter Archie Moore, aging, really pretender to the throne, plotted a coup d'état which might be unpopular with the clubmen. But Patterson, young, handsome, swift, bided his time, putting full confidence in the rightness of his cause and the state persistence of D'Amato. As earlier commitment (April 18 issue) ended, pride and obstinacy were keeping D'Amato and the IBC apart. Would they get together? And if so, whose will was the stronger? Would the haughty, powerful IBC swallow its pride and make the necessary, a telephone call (GR 5-0268), that could lead to a reconciliation with Gus? Now go on with the story.

GR, Moore, 192

A few days after Rocky Marciano announced his retirement, Jim Norris, his ruggedly handsome features grim with decision, turned to a secretary in the IBC office.

"Get me Gus D'Amato on the telephone," he said curtly.

It was something like that, anyhow, and pretty soon he and Gus were seated together to talk over the impending heavyweight elimination tournament and, most especially, the role in it to be played by Floyd Patterson. There

GR, Moore, 192

ONE HAS BEEN CONSISTENTLY CHAMPIONED IN THESE PAGES. TO READ WHAT HIS TRIUMPHANT MANAGER NOW SAYS ABOUT IT, SEE PAGE 14

is concentrating on his next maneuver and has momentarily forgotten his defense.

Patterson was instructed to come away from each assault with his hands protecting each side of his chin and his upper arms and elbows guarding his flanks. He was drilled in this daily and ordered as well to maintain a half crouch that would leave Moore little more target than the top of Patterson's head.

If he followed this pattern, it was felt, Patterson could expect to deprive Moore of his major weapon, sudden power, and gave the way for a knockout punch. It was a great deal to expect that a youngster with Floyd Patterson's eager soul could so restrain himself in the excitement of a championship fight, stick to the outlined strategy and never deviate from it, even when stung.

In the Moore camp, the light heavyweight champion's strategy was apparent immediately to those who watched his workouts. It was foreordained that Archie, a supreme stylist of a very special mold, would conserve energy for the ultimate moment when he could take advantage of inexperienced youth and crash fist against jaw with knockout force. Meanwhile, Archie would be hidden behind that strange corkscrew of arms and elbows, waiting like a tamed panther for the moment to lunge. He would thus be secure, and all he needed was to seize the moment when it came.

There were the plans. As the day of the fight neared, it became evident that, of the two, Patterson was in better shape to carry them out. He was in superb condition; but Moore, though he shunned sparring partners about, was

continued on next page



THE PUNCH THAT WON THE TITLE WAS A LOUD, LEFT HOOK THAT CAUGHT MOORE ON THE JAW AND FLOORED HIM (ABOVE) BY ADONIS OF

THE NEW CHAMP

continued from page 11

far less fit. Archie went through one workout—two rounds of boxing, shadowboxing, light- and heavy-bag punching—and emerged so puffed that he could hardly talk. But at other times he talked beautifully in roguish poses.

As he had teased Marciano, so he teased Patterson. D'Amato was mere "comic relief." Advised that Patterson was so relaxed he was sleeping "like a baby," Archie promised to "put him to sleep." He spoke mysteriously of his diet, learned from an Australian aborigine, no less, and of a wonderful Tasmanian salve, imported at great expense to bring his weight down in selected areas. He challenged Patterson to make the weight and fight for both the light heavyweight and heavyweight championships.

Patterson was amused, up to a point. He announced finally that Archie must be talking for a triple purpose—to build up the gas, to intimidate Patterson and, above all, to reassure Archie. In the end Floyd had the strict perfect—a left hook to the jaw.

But at fight time Archie was favored, though the odds swung through an arc from 12-1 to 6-5 and back to 8-5. Many favored Moore on the basis of Patterson's showing against Harriscane Jackson, whom he defeated in 12 rounds, on a split decision, with a broken right hand.

It had been believed that Patterson broke his hand in the sixth round of the Jackson fight. Actually he broke it in training two weeks before the fight. At that time, puzzled by a desultory workout in which Patterson punched poorly, this reporter went up to talk to him and shake hands. Patterson winced. He said nothing then, however, and, in fact, said not a word until almost an hour after he beat Jackson. D'Amato and Florio had sent their man into the ring believing him fully sound.

"I didn't want to miss the chance," Patterson explained to them when, horrified, they asked why he hadn't mentioned the injury before the fight.

So his showing against Jackson was by no means Patterson at his best, except in self-confidence.

Patterson at his best was a lean 182½ pounds—four pounds more than he weighed against Jackson—facing the supreme challenge of his life, the 187½-pound Moore, one of the world's most experienced, craftiest, hardest-punching fighters. Their age difference—with Moore rated at 33 years, as he counts it—favored Patterson in speed and stamina, Moore in ring learning.

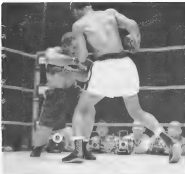
But the student took on the professor and took away his degree.

At the nighttime weigh-in Archie looked glum until spoken to, when he



OLYMPIC WINNER Patterson receives his gold medal at Helsinki. He was with Edmund Kibweh Banauli's *The N.Y.*





THE AGONY OF NINE. MOORE WAS HELPLESS TO WARD OFF ANOTHER LEFT AND RIGHT (ABOVE) WHICH PUT HIM DOWN FOR THE KNOCKOUT

brightened like a wallflower who had just been asked to dance. Patterson was serene. He had gone to bed the night before to sleep 11½ hours, so sweetly that Florio let him skip breakfast. He awakened him just in time to dress and be strategically late for the weigh-in. Floyd slept three more hours in the late afternoon and, arriving at his dressing room, took another nap, or seemed to. At any rate his eyes were closed, and remained so, until he was called into the ring.

In his modest robe of blue, trimmed with orange, Floyd looked like a preliminary boy compared to the flamboyant Archie; Archie's mother-in-law had made him a black robe trimmed and lined with cloth of gold. His very pretty wife Jean was at ringside, part of the harmonious ensemble in a cloth-of-gold evening coat. Archie's robe made a sensation that Dior would have envied. The crowd loved it and cheered the man who wore it.

Then the fight began, after a false start caused by the sounding of the 10-second buzzer, normally reserved for a between-rounds warning.

There were 16,343 in Chicago Stadium, 2,000 short of a full house, and most of them had paid money—a gross of \$228,145—to see what might happen. After deductions of various sorts the fighters were to get \$114,237 each from their shares of the gate and radio-TV receipts. And the winner would get a little estimated to be worth \$1 million.

Patterson, a recent convert to Roman Catholicism, knelt and crossed himself, then turned and faced Moore. Moore scored the first effective punch, a right to the head, but the effect was not what he had expected. It was a good right, well delivered, and should have staggered Patterson; but later Floyd could not even remember it. His

response was a thunder of punches to the body and head that drove Moore back. He was in charge for the rest of the round, and, as this became clear, Patterson's face wore an implacable grin. His combinations, accurate and fast, penetrated Archie's complicated guard. He maneuvered his man like a master and scored especially well with his left hook.

When he came back to his corner D'Amato said to him: "If you make no mistake from now on you will be the world's champion." It was a reminder of what had been drilled into him in training—"Stay low and cover up as you back away from Moore; keep your right up when you throw a hook; don't give him punching room."

He made no real mistakes. Toward the end of the second round he was a little overcautious as he drove Moore to the ropes and perhaps missed a chance to finish it then. He was

continued on next page

AND HERE'S FROM HISTORY



CHAMPION FATHER Patterson gets first look at daughter Seneca, who was born just before he climbed into the ring.

THE NEW CHAMP

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hit a couple of times with Moore back but he was still in command, and when he ducked under a whistling right it was apparent that Moore would have trouble getting the clean power shot he needed so desperately. In the third round both were out over the eyes but neither would was serious, and Patterson again closed the round with a hatting barrage, driving Moore to the ropes and, for a parting shot, rocking him with a left hook at the bell. The fourth was distinguished by a Moore right to the head, the only punch of the fight that, in retrospect, impressed Patterson in his dressing-room summation. And in the fifth the end came. You could see it coming.

The round began with a Patterson jab—the others had begun with Archie missing a tentative left each time—and was followed by a Patterson combination that drove Moore back. (Patterson forced Moore to break ground in every round.) Patterson slipped to his knees, perhaps because he was again too eager. Up again, he easily measured his man. As Moore charged him, Patterson moved easily into position and caught him with a long left hook to the jaw. Moore went down, floored with a single punch. He rose at the count of nine (he is the kind of fighter who gets up) and Patterson was on him again with a left and right to the head, both punches catching Moore as he tried to duck out of their way. Moore went down once more.

There was some dispute as to whether he was up again at the count of nine, as it seemed from this seat, and many others, or whether he was counted out on the floor as Referee Frank Sikora insisted. It didn't matter. Floyd Patterson was indisputably Heavyweight Champion of the World.

He was Heavyweight Champion of the World and he was father of a baby girl who was born, unbeknownst to him, a few hours before he climbed through the crimson ropes.

Next morning Floyd Patterson was burning the roads in a Cadillac on his way to the bedside of his wife and child in New York. Gus D'Amato, his white-haired, ebullient manager, as tough in his own way as Patterson is in his, was meanwhile holding forth at a press conference, suggesting that a return bout with Hurricane Jackson, "who gave Floyd his hardest fight," would be in order. Furthermore, D'Amato intimated, the return of Rocky Marciano to the ring would be most welcome and would draw "the greatest gate in history." He made it clear, however, that no actual plans had been made for anything but the cashing in of Floyd's prestige on such things as television appearances and endorsements of manufactured goods.

Patterson was sharing the headlines with the Olympics, and D'Amato reminded a little on the fact that, four years ago, his fighter had come back from Helsinki with the Olympic middleweight title and now, as another Olympic west on, had just won the world's highest professional title.

"When Floyd came back from the Olympics," he said, "I told him that before he was through he would be chosen 'rookie of the year,' 'fighter of the year,' would become the youngest heavyweight champion of all time and would be the greatest fighter of all time.

"Now only one of these remains to be realized."

D'Amato sincerely believes that this final accolade will be Patterson's, just as he believed a year ago, when he could see anything but the bulky shadow of Rocky Marciano, that Patterson would be the next heavyweight champion.

D'Amato is the sort of man who makes dreams come true. And so is Patterson. (R.B.R.)

WHAT GUS D'AMATO HAD TO SAY



D'AMATO, HOLDING SEAT amidst a group of reporters and well-wishers after the fight, had the floor: "I don't know what I would have done without SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. You fellows have been square all along. You didn't always agree with me, but at least you came to see me from my side of the story, and then you printed what you thought was right."

"You gave me a voice. I am eternally grateful. I'm not too

clever with words, and when some newspapermen would talk with me, if they did talk with me at all, they wouldn't put down the essence, the essence, of what I was saying. You know what I mean. I don't care who knows it. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is great. They are honest people."

"What," a newsmen asked skeptically, "would happen if you said that in front of Jim Norris?"

D'Amato's voice rose almost to a shout. "I would say it in front of anybody!" he cried. "I don't care what they think, Jim Norris or anybody else. With me they have been great, and when I couldn't get my story across to the newspapermen, I could with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a class outfit. They are class people."

WHAT CHARLEY SCHWEFEL DID

A PROFOUND influence in the development of Floyd Patterson was a white-haired, pink-cheeked New Yorker with the personality of an Al Smith and the conscience of a nun. He was Charley W. Schwefel, a man who had grown wealthy in the hotel business. His real enthusiasm was for underprivileged boys, and one of his closest friends had been one—a baseball player named Babe Ruth. Schwefel believed that sport was the best outlet a confused teenager could have for enthusiasm that might otherwise be misdirected, that sport could supply ideals of sportsmanship a New York street urchin might discover nowhere else.

Schwefel came upon Floyd Patterson in one of New York's "800 Schools," which he had helped establish as a city project to serve the needs of boys who had proved hard to manage in the regular schools. Floyd was in P.S. 614, and his record as impressed Schwefel that he made himself the youngster's guardian angel, gave him a job at the distinguished Gramercy Park Hotel, which Schwefel owned, and was so zealous of the boy's welfare that he paid for a quiet investigation of Gus D'Amato, whose gymnasium Floyd was frequenting. "Nobody could find anything wrong with D'Amato," Schwefel reported happily. "100% straight." Thereafter he gave D'Amato full moral support in the manager's efforts to stave off the greedy wolves who wanted a "piece" of Floyd. He gave jobs to Patterson's sparring partners, insuring him a supply of punching material.

Charley Schwefel died suddenly last August at age 61. He missed Patterson's crowning achievement of last Friday night, which would have given him great joy, but he had a few achievements of his own. Not the least, of course, was the rise of his boy, Floyd, from the danger of delinquency to solid maturity.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

WOODY AND THE LADY • THE EXPLODED MYTH OF THE INVINCIBLE
RUSSIANS • PRIDE AND LEE CALHOUN • EXOTIC SPORTS FROM THE
U.S. • OLYMPIC GAMESMANSHIP • OTHER AMERICANS IN AUSTRALIA

THE LADY AND THE COACH

THE WAY Woody Hayes, Ohio State's head football coach, told it at the annual "football appreciation" banquet, it happened this way:

"I was walking across the field, head down, after we had lost to Michigan. A sweet little old lady suddenly crossed my path, and I almost knocked her down. I guess I looked rather irritated, but then I saw she was a friend. She was carrying an Ohio State pennant. I apologized. 'I beg your pardon, madam,' I said. 'No offense.'"

"She looked me right in the eye and shook her pennant under my nose. 'That's just the trouble,' she said. 'No offense.'"

ARAB

IF THE PROPAGANDISTS of the Soviet Union had not given such a brash exhibition of what might be called muscle-rattling before the Olympics it would be unkind to ask—but—what happened to the Russian juggernaut? The U.S., which permitted itself a great deal of self-doubt (and was spurred to a great deal of very healthy resolution) in the last two years, should take great pride in the answer: the juggernaut was practically dismantled by the greatest track and field team in history. In fact, it would be only slight exaggeration to say that the blue Soviet steam roller, stripped of its essentials, turned out to be Vladimir Kuts.

It would be improper to say that the juggernaut collapsed, for, despite the calamity howlers on both sides of the Atlantic who predicted an end of American supremacy in track and field, it never really seized. It would also be rash to predict that Russia may not

yet claim, on the basis of an unofficial point total, victory in the Melbourne Games. The 400-man Russian team—biggest in the Games—is doing pretty well. The U.S.S.R. took 22 gold medals, 39 silver medals and 17 bronze medals at Helsinki in 1952 and—with 18 gold, 20 silver and 20 bronze medals won by last weekend—may do even better this year. But the heart of the Olympics consists of the events in which young men run, jump or throw, and here the record is wonderfully lopsided: the U.S. won 18 times (an all-time record) and got 81 medals; the Russians won three times (Kuts's victories in the 10,000- and 5,000-meter races, plus a victory in the 30-kilometer walk) and got 21 medals.

There is nothing unfair at all in sit-

gling out track and field in this manner, for the Russians lasted to win in the main stadium too and were apparently confident of striking a good many telling blows there in a battle of behemoths. In many instances, it is interesting to note, the very professionalism of the Russians—and the fact that they had been told and retold that national prestige depended upon them—cost them medals in the end. Under the awful pressure they were often (notably in the cases of Pole Vaulter Anatoliy Petrov, Hammer Thrower Mikhail Krivonozov and Hurdler Yuriy Lituyev) unable to come close to practice performances. But the real story of track and field at Melbourne had nothing to do with the Russians

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

■ Wait Till Next Year

Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson, who has postponed several of his fights before, put off his title bout with Gene Fullmer from Dec. 12 to Jan. 2. The reason: Robinson, hampered by a severe cold, has been unable to train.

■ Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput

Oklahoma University scored its 46th consecutive victory with a 32-0 battering of its traditional opponent (and traditional victim) Oklahoma A&M. A glance at the 1957 schedule shows that nothing much stands in the way of Oklahoma's 50th consecutive victory at next season's end except Notre Dame and Pittsburgh.

■ Fighting Irish Coaches

The coach and the ex-coach of Notre Dame made snappish headlines through the week. Frank Leahy called Terry Brennan's team (won 2, lost 5) "the nonfighting Irish," pronounced school spirit dead. To remark that Leahy might help at spring training, Brennan replied, "Not while I'm the coach." But, after Saturday's 28-28 loss to USC, Leahy granted the Irish had played "like a real Notre Dame team."

■ Who and Whom, Where and Why

Segregation laws, NCAA penalties and year-after ineffectuality all affected bowl games, with checkboard results: Rose Bowl, Oregon State v. Iowa; Orange Bowl, Colorado v. Clemson; Cotton Bowl, Texas Christian v. Syracuse; Sugar Bowl, Tennessee v. Baylor; Gator Bowl (Dec. 28) Georgia Tech v. Pittsburgh.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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—It was one of transcendent superiority by individual U.S. athletes, of great coaching, great spirit and, in many cases, of great valor, of peak performance under enormous stress. Hooray for our side!

THE ACHING MOMENT

There were few lonelier places in all the world during the last fortnight than the red brick-dust Olympic track at Melbourne. The athletes who stared up its empty lanes from the starting blocks had come not only to race other men but to engage in an ultimate act of self-exploration; in the aching moments before the gun sent them on their way each could rely only on his own strength, his own courage, his own speed. Few had more grounds for dismay—and few knelt at the starting line with more resolution—than Lee Quinry Calhoun, the tall (6 feet, 1 inch), slim (165 pounds) Negro youth from Gary, Ind., who won the gold medal in the 120-meter high hurdles.

A high hurdle stands 3 feet 6 inches tall. There are 10 of them to be surmounted in the 110-meter race and a man, to win in modern competition, must run over them and through the tape in less than 14 seconds—at almost a sprinter's speed. His timing must be exquisite and he cannot allow a change in footing or a gust of wind to alter the rhythm of the three driving steps he takes between hurdles. Neither can he allow the fierce pressure of competition to alter his composure—or his form. As he stands at the start, the 10 hurdles can seem like 10 traps, each waiting to trip him—he must clear each, but only by a fraction of an inch.

Every athlete has his own devil to fight, his own cross to bear. Calhoun's was the last 50 yards of the race. He is a quiet, polite, self-assured youth with none of the love of show which often seems to accompany spectacular athletic talent, but even in high school he had little difficulty with the basic posture of the hurdler—the knee-tipped leg-split, the instantaneous forward adjustment of weight, the precise handling of shoulders and arms which allow a man to step rather than jump the wooden barrier. At little North Carolina College, in Durham, his talent blossomed amazingly under the direction of his track coach, Leroy Walker. As a sophomore he was timed in 14.8 for the 120-yard high hurdle. He was drafted in 1954 and was attached to

the Eighth Army's 111th Evacuation Hospital in Korea. Last winter, a civilian again, he became one of the sensations of the Eastern indoor track season—he set or equaled world records in 50-, 60- and 70-yard races and beat all the leading hurdlers in the U.S.

But last spring, outside again to run 120 yards, he made a disconcerting discovery: he could not maintain his blazing speed for the full race. He entered the Marine Corps Relays at Quantico, and USC's one-time star, Navy Lieutenant Jack Davis, simply ran away from him in the last 50 yards. Afterward Davis told a newsmen, "Calhoun doesn't have the stamina to go the distance. He'll never be a good hurdler." Davis—who had lost the 1953 Olympic hurdles race to Harrison Dillard by an eyelash and was passionately bent on winning in 1956—might better have kept silent. From that day on Calhoun, too, burned to win at Melbourne. He drove himself through fast quarter miles to gain strength, and his hurdling times were dramatically lowered: 14 flat, 13.9, 13.7. Davis broke the world record with a dandling 13.4 in one of the preliminaries of the AAU meet, but Calhoun beat him in the finals with a 13.6. They ran a dead heat in the Olympic trials.

For all this, a few days before the Games themselves, Calhoun had reason to feel that fate was turning against him—Davis, running on an uneven grass track at Bendigo, Australia, broke his own world record with a fantastic 13.8-second race and spoke confidently of lowering this to 13 flat. Calhoun hardly slept at all the night before last week's Olympic final. He went out to the track tent with nervousness. But he found himself curiously confident of victory. He burst off the blocks and led Davis through the first five hurdles by two feet. The Californian, a superb athlete, then began to close the gap. The pair were even on the eighth, even on the ninth, even as they crossed the 10th hurdle. But somewhere Calhoun found the power he needed. He won by inches in 13.6 seconds. "He shouldn't have said it," he said, almost gratefully, of Davis afterward. "I just had to win."

NOT CRICKET

A BRAND-NEW American automobile, exported to any country in the world and parked on a busy corner, will draw an admiring crowd who understand instantly what it is for, how it works and how nice it would be to have one. But for some reason an

American sport has a harder time catching on. Baseball and football made their bids last Saturday in Melbourne and London respectively and, though they were received politely enough, they didn't get the quick acceptance that would have gone to a new Chevrolet.

At the Cricket Ground in Melbourne a crowd of 100,000 watched a U.S. Army baseball team defeat a group of Australian All-Stars in seven innings 11-5. It was a bigger crowd than has ever watched baseball in the United States, but it was there primarily to see the Olympic Games, to which the baseball demonstration was a preliminary. An announcer with a close-cropped British accent tried to explain to the Australians what was going on.

In London, 23,000 people showed up for the football in Wembley Stadium. Most of them were Americans, though, for the game was played to



determine the top European team of the U.S. Air Force. (The London Rockets of the British Conference played the Wiesbaden Flyers of the German Conference.)

Still, there was a good turnout of Britches, as the Air Force had hoped there would be. Its public relations men (called community relations men) had advertised in the newspapers and put posters in the subway. "Fast . . . Bugged . . . Exciting," they promised, and urged the reader to "book early." They also offered the full range of trimmings that go with American football: hot dogs, cheerleaders, marching bands, card stunts and celebrities. The latter consisted of Actor Donna Andrews and a girl called Sabrina who, statistically at least, is a sort of British Bregar.

As at Melbourne, a voice from the public address system explained the unfamiliar action. "What they go into a huddle for is to determine the strategy of the next play. . . . The London Rockets have two more downs to pick up 13 yards. If they do so, they get another four downs."

In general, the British spectators did not agree with the posters' claim that football was fast and exciting. A common complaint was "Too slow—too many stoppages." But there were those who got the point, stoppages

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"We feel that an expedition will teach you a valuable lesson about making costly mistakes in life."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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and all. "It's rather like our Rugby," they said. "And probably tougher."

Hall time was perhaps the most fun to the British. They liked the stunts of the card section (made up of 300 teen-agers, the children of Air Force personnel who attend a dependents' high school near Teddington). And the jazz music and complex marching patterns of the 101st Air Force Band made them reluctant to queue up for the hot dogs.

There was one young man down on the field who was clearly a hero, even to the least knowing. Tiny Small, a 28-year-old fullback from Longview, Texas, contributed four touchdowns to the final score: London 32, Wiesbaden 7. On the first of these, Small made a flying leap, intercepted a Wiesbaden pass and tore off a tremendous run. That message almost got through. While the Americans in the stands went wild, a tweed-clad English gentleman leaped to his feet and removed his pipe from his mouth in sheer excitement. "Oh, he," he said, and sat down.

COMMAND DECISION

IN THEORY, the ideal competitor in the military pentathlon would be the leading man of a Franz Lehár opera, and the perfect setting would be Ruritania, circa 1905. For this event was designed to test the beautiful skills that a soldier needed in the days of spurs and swords: running, riding, fencing, swimming and shooting.

Two gold medals are offered in the pentathlon—one to the best all-round individual and one to the team (three men) with the highest score. At Melbourne the Russians considered these facts, plus the grim fact that their delegation has proved to be merely the biggest, not the best, Olympic team. Then they added a sixth military skill to the pentathlon: strategy.

It was clear that they had about equal chances at both medals, but no shot-in-for either. Their own Konstantin Salnikow won the world pentathlon championship in Switzerland last year, but now he would be up against Lars Hall of Sweden. Hall took the individual medal at Helsinki in 1952 and was expected to take it again at Melbourne. So the Russians killed their chance at one victory in order to better their chance at the other: they need Salnikow, their best all-round man. In his place they put Ivan Deriugine, a

powerful youngster who rides, fences and shoots badly but swims and runs very well. And so, with a chance to finish well up in each of the five events and with Salnikow hurt and bitter at being dumped, the Russians waded in.

It was heavy going at first. The Americans George Lambert and Jack Daniels took first and second place in the 8,000-meter riding event and nailed up a 560-point lead. Sweden, Finland and Hungary made the competition heavy and hard. But the Russian team gained 185 points on the Americans in fencing and 26 more in shooting. Then young Ivan Deriugine had a chance to shine in his speciality.

He flashed through the 360-meter swim in a world-record pentathlon time of 3:48. And in the final event, a two-and-a-half-mile run, he and his hard-conditioned teammates finished third, fourth and fifth. They stood around casually recovering their breaths as the Americans (and many others as well) struggled to the finish and collapsed into the arms of teammates. The American margin was gone: Russia won the gold medal for team competition, America the silver one. George Lambert shook off his teammates and stood exhausted on his own two feet. "We were supposed to be tough," he gasped, "but they were tougher."

The individual medal went, as expected, to the versatile Lars Hall of Sweden. And the versatile Konstantin Salnikow of Russia, world pentathlon champion, got nothing at all, not even the chance to compete.

TENNIS, ANYONE?

IN THE MIDDLE of the heavy news traffic from Australia comes a wire from Bill Talbot, captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, which has a date with

Head, Rosewall & Co. between Christmas and New Year's. The message:

"It is a little odd to come to Australia and not find ourselves the center of attention. Normally, newspapermen by the dozens are at our elbow. Small types peep over our shoulders, and observers lean over the fence studying our form. This year the early pressure has been eased somewhat by a bit of interesting sports business known as the Olympic Games which has all of Australia enrapt.

"So we have been able to train without too many outside interruptions. This is enough to make a Davis Cup captain happy. Our performance short to date has not been what you might call sparkling, but our progress has been steady and good.

"In the New South Wales Championships at Sydney, our first tournament on arrival, not an American player made the quarter-finals. That may have been shocking to some, but to us it was the result of several factors, such as lack of condition, need for readjustment to grass and absence of topflight competition since our summer season closed. In the South Australia Championship at Adelaide these players, Vic Seixas, Herbie Flam and Sam Giammalva, reached the quarter-finals. Seixas and Giammalva, who are developing into a first-rate doubles combination, gained the tandem finals against Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall.

"I like the way we are progressing—slowly and surely. The mental attitude of our team is excellent, the physical condition is improving, we are not a discouraged, beaten team before the bell rings. From starters like Seixas and Flam to the kids, Sam Giammalva, Mike Green and Mike Franks, there is a lot of that old enthusiasm and college try. I think every boy on the squad is conscious of America's proud showing in the Olympics at Melbourne, and each is determined to match the showing, though odds are great against us.

"Head and Rosewall appear about the same as when they were in the States—no better, no worse, and that was good enough to win all major titles in the world. Head is recovering from an arm ailment and should be in top shape by Davis Cup time. Rosewall is the same line-splitting marksmen of old. One thing is obvious: neither is invincible. Both have been beaten by players below the standard of our own. Under certain conditions they can be beaten again. It's our job to create those conditions, and we're working at it."

Australian papers please copy.



LONG HAIR

He looks pretty good
But Coach says no:
Without a crew cut
He cannot go.

BARNEY HUTCHINSON



Triumvirate of the U.S.: sweep in the 100-meter dash—Stanislav Sobolev (left), Marrow (right), Baker (center)—celebrates after their victory

GOLDEN MELBOURNE

Drama, courage and greatness have already assured the XVI Olympiad a glowing place in history—a comprehensive report by Sports Illustrated's team of writers and photographers

FOR HIGH DRAMA and record-breaking performance, for heart-warming victory and heart-breaking defeat, for youthful camaraderie and for the bottomless enthusiasm of Australia's sporting public, the Melbourne Olympics already belong among the most memorable of modern times. Russia and the U.S., the behemoths of sport, have met in heralded conflict in the main stadium—a conflict in which the Bear was outdistanced and the U.S. track and field team proved the greatest of all time. Each has produced a hero worthy of Nurmi and Owens and Zátopek:

the distance runner Vladimir Kuts who made the crowds gasp, "How can he keep it up!" and the Texas sprinter Bobby Morrow who made them yell, "Watch him go!" With the last third of the Games (soccer, swimming, cycling, Greco-Roman wrestling, etc.) still to be held, it was evident all attendance records would be smashed. By last Saturday, 1,500,000 people had paid to see the XVI Olympiad.

The great Melbourne Cricket Ground has been jammed, even in the morning during qualifying events (stadiums

continued on page 22



"New Australians," many of them in the costumes of native Hungary, gather in happy stadium cluster to cheer their athletes to victory



Australian schoolgirls crowd rail to get autograph of their "Marvel Man," 86-meter high-jumper gold-medal winner Shirley Strickland



Yugoslavian girl jumps for joy as her "old country" water-polo team splashes to a 5-0 first-round victory over strong Soviet team.

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 19

at Berlin, London, Los Angeles and Helsinki were often only partially filled). Dollar-and-a-half tickets for swimming events have been scalped for \$15, preliminary soccer games have drawn mobs of 20,000, and boxing and basketball have played to packed houses. An exhibition of baseball drew 80,000 people—whose knowledge of the game was revealed by the way they cheered high heels—but who stayed nevertheless until the last man was out. This

response must be attributed in part to Australia's national mania for sport—any sport—but the Melbourne Games are proving eminently worthy of such passion.

Conditions at Melbourne during the greater part of eight days of track and field competitions must be summed up as "Weather execrable, track slow." It was cold. It was windy. The red brick dust of the track had a tendency to loosen under the impact of spikes. But five world records fell. Olympic records were broken in 17 of the 24 men's track and field events and another was tied. And in event

continued on next page



Exhausted—but victorious—Yale's eight-man crew slips oars on Lake Wendouren, Baltimore, after winning classic gold medal for U.S.

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

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after event there were moments of indelible drama which will doubtless be discussed through the histories of the crowds and athletes who witnessed them.

Few Olympiads have produced such a swift and crushing

demonstration of superiority as the U.S. sweep in the high hurdles—with Lee Quincey Calhoun first and World Record Holder Jack Davis second in a photo finish, and Joel Sharple third. Few have seen such a finish as Fordham's big Tom Courtney produced in the agonizing 800-meter run; though completely exhausted and apparently beaten by England's Derek Johnson, he managed one awesome final burst in



Attentive crowd, caught by Richard Meek's camera in dappled light of the Australian spring, reflects country's pride in Olympic Games

the last 30 yards and tumbled over the line—as exhausted that he was almost speechless and virtually paralyzed for an hour—the winner. There was Alain Mimoun, a spindly, mustachioed Frenchman—beaten in two Olympiads by the great Zatopek—prancing home first in the 1968 marathon and listening at last to the band play *La Marseillaise*. And there was big Milt Campbell who beat UCLA's Baker

Johnson and broke Bob Mathias' old decathlon record.

The Melbourne 1,500 meters (the metric mile) was in many ways one of the most remarkable and, certainly, one of the most breathlessly contemplated distance runs in Olympic history. The greatest field of milers ever to assemble were on hand at the start. Hungary's 1,540-meter world

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MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

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record holder, Jevka Rasmavilgi, it is true, had failed to qualify, and Australia's national hero, John Landy, went to the post after weeks of fighting off the pain of inflamed leg tendons. But of the field, 5 had run the mile under four minutes.

Landy stayed back in the pack the first time since setting the world's mile record in Finland two years ago. So, as he has always done, did the ultimate winner, Ireland's tall, soft-spoken Ron Delany. The 21-year-old Irishman—a student at Villanova University—has a curious, hobbling style, detests competition with the clock and habitually runs “only fast enough to win.” This undermastic habit earned him the boos of Madison Square Garden track fans at indoor meets last winter, but last week Ron Delany ran fast enough to please the most critical. The Olympic field except along at a tremendous pace with Australia's Merv Lincoln, Germany's Klaus Richtzenhain and England's Brian Hewson and Ian Boyd up front—the time was 2:02 at the half—and the Irishman stayed close to the pack.

The runners were still on the last turn in the final lap when he made his sudden bid. Delany had wonderful acceleration—he was four yards ahead a hundred yards from home. And he had strength—try as they might, none of the great field could claw up to him as he ran—and ran—and ran for the tape. John Landy, looking in the words of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* correspondent Roger Banister, “astounded at his own performance,” made a gallant try at it, but it was the Irishman's day. His time was but six-tenths of a second off the world record. It was Richtzenhain's second with Landy running at his shoulder, third.

There were a great many memorable moments of conflict off the track as well: Yale winning the eight-oared rowing championship, U.S. Heavyweight Boxer Pete Rademacher belting Russia's Lev Moukhine out in the final, and the U.S. basketball team making monkeys (89-55) of the Russians in the last gold medal game.

But the week really belonged to the two paramount track men: the Soviet hero Kuts and the U.S. hero Bobby Moore. They are men who will doubtless live for decades in the minds of millions.

It would be hard to find two more dissimilar individuals. In fact, it would

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School March basketball star Bill Russell gets gagged-up gender from Russian girls



OLYMPIC BEEHIVE

After-hours camaraderie in Olympic Village bears marked resemblance to youthful get-togethers all over world: Gymnast Mariel Davis (above) looks at pictures as Russians Phyllis Marshall and Liberians provide music, while (below) Aussie shotgutter Barry Denath shows friend his picture in paper.



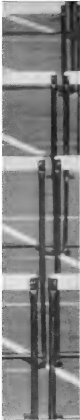
Lee Calhoun of North Carolina College, shown clearing hurdle, next on to edge Jack Davis for 55-meter high-jump title

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 24

take a Kipling or an Olympic Games to bring them face to face. They come indeed from opposite ends of the earth—Kuts from a small town named Saranskaya in the vast

wheat fields of the Ukraine, Morrow from a small town named San Benito in the fertile cotton lands of Texas. Kuts is 28, a career officer in the Soviet navy; Morrow is 21, a college student who wants to be a farmer. Kuts is short and solid and as sturdy as a fencepost, endowed with heavy muscular legs and big barrel chest. He has a peasant's face



England's Prie (189), beaten by Russia's indestructible Kats in 5,000 meters, hugs his conqueror

which becomes red and contorted and agonized when he runs, and his long yellow hair bounces up and down as if to keep time with the relentless machinelike stride. Morrow is tall and shaped like a wedge, with patrician features and long rippling muscles. When he runs it is all grace and beauty, and from a distance the close-cropped brown head

floats so smoothly down the track that it would seem to be detached from his body.

When Kats wins, the great mask which protects him from the outside world is gone and he capers joyously around the stadium, clasping both hands over his head like

continued on next page



Polish teammates hail broad-jump winner Elzbieta Krecakova

German teaming celebrates Erna Pisch (2-13), who was fourth



Women hurdles burst bounding out of their starting blocks in

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 37

a victorious fighter, waving gaily to the crowd, his big tough features split into a wonderfully happy and infectious grin. When Morrow wins he grins too, but it is a quick flashing thing, and then he jogs off to put on his sweat suit, pick up his starting blocks and disappear until the next race.

Yet they are alike too, for there is a quality somewhere inside that joins the two together as brothers in a very special fraternity of superathletes. Without it neither could have accomplished what he did at Melbourne. It is not sheer physical ability, for this is common coin at an Olympic Games; it is instead great determination and a tremendous will to win that seems to rise higher and higher



Mixing start of 200-meter semifinal heat, won by Australia's two-time Olympic champion, 31-year-old Shirley Brunsdale (third from left)

with every heightening of opposition and nervous pressure.

It is a measure of the quality of both that Vladimir Kuts and Bobby Morrow are double Olympic champions. Over a soft track Kuts set Olympic records in both his 5,000- and 10,000-meter victories and, in so doing, killed off the finest group of distance men the Olympics has ever seen. On this same slow track and running into a stiff breeze, Morrow twice tied the Olympic record for 100 meters, broke the Olympic record for 200 meters and ran a scalding anchor leg on the U.S. 400-meter relay team which set a world record and earned Bobby a third gold medal. It was time for Jesse Owens to move over and share his pedestal with another.

Despite his brilliant 10,000-meter victory on the opening day (SI, Dec. 3) not many believed that Kuts would win

the 5,000 as well. His opposition was much stronger last week: four-minute milers like the Englishmen Chris Chataway and Derek Ibbotson, Hungarian László Tábori, Gordon Pirie, another Britisher, who holds the world record for this distance, Jerzy Chromik of Poland, Miklós Szabó of Hungary, the German veteran Herbert Schade, the Yugoslav Veljko Magosa and a lot of others. Kuts had run that very hard 15,800 on Friday and a best of the 5,000 on Monday, and now it was only Wednesday. It seemed highly unlikely that he could do it again.

But, as it developed, there was a great deal of resemblance between the two races. In each Kuts took over the lead in the first few score strides. In Wednesday's 5,000, Hungary's Tábori had the effrontery to move ahead for

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SWAPS'S YEAR

by WHITNEY TOWER

Thoroughbreds named *Needles*, *Garblon*, *Gold Ruler*, *Nashua*, *Leallah* and others raced to glory in 1955, but it remained for a courageous Californian to win the nation's lasting admiration

THIS was the year when the reigning Thoroughbred champion, decked out in unfamiliar orange and blue silks, won six races and the sum of \$343,159 for a nervous syndicate headed by a shrewd but smiling master horse dealer named Leslie B. Combs II.

It was the year when a Florida-bred colt, so attached to the slumbering life inside the four walls of his stall that he refused to work—or run—until he absolutely had to, finally ran off with four of the biggest 3-year-old stakes.

It was also the year when a spectacular 3-year-old son of Nasrullah (in his own day a runner of changeable moods) so closely followed family tradition that he could—to the general dismay—run first one day and last the next with no plausible excuse or explanation.

Nashua, *Needles* and *Gold Ruler* indeed all earned their laurels and their followings, but in the ultimate sense the year did not belong to them but to that superb running machine out of the West by the name of Swaps.

Think for a minute of the memories the name Swaps recalls: from an undistinguished 2-year-old season in 1954 to a blaze of glory in 1955—marred only by a setback at the hands of Nashua in the historic match race at Washington Park. Then 1956 and, when the chronically touchy right forefoot had healed sufficiently to enable Swaps to resume training, the incredible feat of breaking four world's records and tying still a fifth. Each time he reeled off another world record—always, as the form chart so nonchalantly phrased it, “eased up”—the crowds roared a deafening salute to a Thoroughbred whose heart and courage have earned him a secure place among the greats of American racing despite some hard knocks of eastern critics who write off California performances and times as just so much worthless hokum.

There is a curious parallel between the two most recent racing seasons. In 1955 the great names were Nashua and Swaps. Their rivalry was unique in that it attracted the attention of people who for years, although aware that racing was big business and big sport, never seriously gave much of a hoot which horse won what race—except, of course, when instinctively drawn into that once-a-year friendly get-together known as the Kentucky Derby office

pool. Nashua and Swaps did a lot to create new friends for racing a year ago, and most of them—along with most of the regulars—took it for granted that one of the plums of 1956 would be a re-match, or at least another meeting somewhere, of the two most talked-about horses since *Native Dancer*. Waiting for the re-match that was never to come off was, in a sense, like scanning the war bulletins telegraphed in from widely separated battlefronts. In the early part of the season while Swaps was slowly getting into shape for the Santa Anita Handicap, Nashua was hurriedly being tuned up by Bunny Jim Fitzsimmons (after a Kentucky layoff while his papers were being transferred from the estate of the late William Woodward Jr.) for the Widener Handicap at Hialeah. At the time it seemed reasonably safe to assume that they would meet in the rich Gulfstream Park Handicap in March. Then things started going wrong again. Swaps never made it to the Santa Anita Handicap. Nashua won his Widener in what must be considered one of the most exciting—if not the most exciting—races of the whole year. Swaps shipped to Florida but still wasn't ready for the Gulfstream Handicap. Neither, for that matter, was Nashua, who took a sound trouncing from *Sailor*. The most logical attempt to get the two together had failed and the rest of the year dissolved into one frustration after another for those who wanted and justifiably expected the decisive meeting. They ran in their own localities, and Swaps had the better record: eight wins in 10 starts, a loss by a head to Pouterhouse in The Californian and one miserable seventh behind Mahan on the turf in Chicago in what must go down as one of the only truly bad races of his whole career. Six times the Pride of the West won carrying 130 pounds. His world's records ranged from the sprinting distance of an even mile (1:23 1/5, breaking the record held for so long by Citation) to a mile and five-eighths (2:38 1/8), certainly a strong argument against those who claimed Swaps couldn't—and wouldn't—go a distance of ground.

If Swaps's ability or capabilities

THE 1955 CHAMPIONS

HORSE OF THE YEAR	SWAPS
2-year-old colt or gelding	GOLD RULER
2-year-old filly	LEALLAH
3-year-old	GOLD RULER
3-year-old colt or gelding	NEEDLES
3-year-old filly	DOUBLEGOLDEN
3-year-old	NEEDLES
Handicap horse	SWAPS
Handicap filly or mare	BLUE SPARKLER
Spurrier	CITATION
Grand horse	CANTER BOY
Steeplechase	SHIRAZARD

Turn page for more pictures

Text is continued on page 52



FLORIDA'S NEEDLES

Winner of the Derby and Belmont, shown with jockey Bob, Trainer Fontaine, Needles earned top ranking among 3-year-olds.



KENTUCKY'S GOLD RULER

For brilliance in early part of the season, Gold Ruler (No. 1, Eddie Arcaro up) gains the year's award in the 3-year-old division.





ITALY'S GREAT RIBOT

Winner of the second Prince of Asturias for two years, and the greatest undefeated in Europe, he is one of the world's all-time greats.

FOR THE STORY OF RIBOT, HIS BREEDER AND BREEDING, TURN TO PAGE 79

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[Of Ford's great new story—we've told but a fraction
So see your Ford Dealer... and try Ford in action!]

'57 FORD

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 19

about five seconds on the second lap. Otherwise the two races were almost identically run. Last week, however, Kuts discovered he had to contend with England's Chataway and Ibbotson as well as Gordon Pirie. On the eighth lap, when for the first time he began to kick up the pace, only these three stayed with him.

By now, however, the fans at the Melbourne Cricket Ground knew that the contorted features and labored look didn't mean that Kuts was in trouble; they knew this was only his way of showing how much he was enjoying himself—and that it meant trouble for others. The Russian was by about 80 yards and was waving to the fans when Pirie outkicked Ibbotson in the stretch to finish second and win the silver medal he had thrown away on Friday with his valiant bid to race Kuts all the way. Vladimir's time was 13 minutes 39.8 seconds, which matched his own mark for the second fastest 5,000 meters ever run (Pirie's record is 13:36.8), and on this track, according to Pirie, was equal to 19:30 under good conditions.

Moroff, too, won his second race with ease—but not

continued on page 37



Pete Younger Richards (296) goes backward after clearing bar

THE GOLD MEDALS IN TRACK AND FIELD

EVENT	WON FOR	BY
100-meter dash	U.S.	Betty Moroff
200-meter dash	U.S.	Betty Moroff
400-meter run	U.S.	Charley Jenkins
800-meter run	U.S.	Tom Courtney
1,000-meter run	Ireland	Ron Delaney
1,500-meter run	U.S.S.R.	Vladimir Kuts
10,000-meter run	U.S.S.R.	Vladimir Kuts
Marathon run	France	Alain Mimoun
50-meter hurdles	U.S.	Lee Calhoun
400-meter hurdles	U.S.	Glen Davis
Steepchase	Britain	Osita Okorocha
10,000-meter walk	U.S.S.R.	Leonid Spirin
50,000-meter walk	New Zealand	Norman Sells
High jump	U.S.	Charles Dumler
Broad jump	U.S.	Greg Bell
Hop, step & jump	Brazil	Adhemar Ferreira da Silva
Pole vault	U.S.	Bob Richards
Javelin throw	Norway	Egil Danielsen
Discus throw	U.S.	Al Barker
Shotput	U.S.	Perry G'Son
Hammer throw	U.S.	Hal Connolly
Decathlon	U.S.	Bill Campbell
400-meter relay	U.S.	Baker, King, Marshburn, Moroff
1,600-meter relay	U.S.	Jenkins, Jones, Marshburn, Courtney

WOMEN'S EVENTS

100-meter dash	Australia	Betty Cuthbert
200-meter dash	Australia	Betty Cuthbert
40-meter hurdles	Australia	Shirley Stratford
High jump	U.S.	Mildred McDaniel
Broad jump	Poland	Kristina Knapikova
Discus throw	Czechoslovakia	Olga Piskova
Javelin throw	U.S.S.R.	Inessa Isakovna
Shotput	U.S.S.R.	Tamara Tyshkevich
500-meter relay	Australia	Strickland, Crocker, Baker, Cuthbert



Mugged terrain challenges Major Harry Schuman of South Africa as he urges horse up stream bank in modern polo match.



Cosentino Raiser Barbrowsky receives congratulations after Germany's pair with coscman finished second in U.S. on Lake Wendouren



Topnotched Sains demonstrate today's free passing game as they bring Ball upfield in 1972 football romp over U.S. in field hockey

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

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without enduring hours of horrible repetition. Even though 200 meters is his best distance and though he is a magnificent curve runner, he developed butterflies in the stomach. "I kept seeing that second gold medal," he said, "and I couldn't even sleep." He was shaking so badly at

the start that he almost fell off his starting blocks. But he started well, and once the runners had come out of the curve, Morrow was ahead of everyone—including the U.S.'s Andy Stanford and Thomas Baker, who had finished in one-two order at Helsinki.

"We all came out of the curve about even," said husky little Mike Agostini of Trinidad in the dressing room, "with

continued on next page

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MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 37

Stanfield, maybe a foot or so ahead. I thought, now we'll find out who's got it. We found out all right. That dog-gone Morrow just went scorn and the race was over."

Morrow's time was 20.6, a 10th of a second under the Olympic record held jointly by Stanfield and Owens and equal to the best ever run around a curve. Stanfield was second and Baker third. It was a magnificent time for such a track.

The 400-meter relay was frosting on Bobby's cake. Despite one poor baton pass, his teammates, Ira Marchess, Leamon King and Baker, gave him a two-yard lead over Russia, and by the time Morrow hit the tape the gap had widened to four. The starting time—35.5 seconds—broke a world and Olympic record which had endured for 29 years.

But if heroes are having their day in Melbourne, the Gamae have been almost as notable because of great athletes who have failed. During the first three days almost all competitors ran remarkably true to form, and favorites won almost every event: Dumas (high jump), Connolly (hammer throw), Davis (400-meter hurdles), Courtney (800 meters), Danielson (javelin), and the Rev. Bob Richards in the pole vault. Since then, however, upsets have almost been the rule—in no fewer than eight events, world record holders have failed to win, and in some cases they have even failed to place.

Thirty-four-year-old Fortune Gordien, brawny holder of the world discus record, failed in Olympic competition for the third time. In the 1948 Games (after two years of unbroken victory) he got third; in 1952 at Helsinki he did no better than fourth. Last week, after exceeding his own world record of 194 feet 6 inches by four feet only a few days before in practice, he folded again. His 26-year-old teammate Al Carter made a nonchalant toss of 184 feet 10½ inches on his first throw, and that won the gold medal. Gordien, now an Oregon rancher, could do no better than 179 feet 9¼ inches and barely squeaked into second place.

Len Jones of New Rochelle, N.Y., the world's best quarter-miler, failed too; he ran out of steam in the stretch and finished fifth in a field of six. But again another and younger U.S. athlete rushed into the breach—Charley Jenkins of Villanova hit the tape first with Germany's Karl-Friedrich Haas

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MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 22

second, Russia's Andolun Ignatiev and Finland's Veikko Holsten in an unusual dead heat for third. The list of the mighty who fell stretches on; it includes most of the world's most famous milers. Only one of the famous also-runs seemed happy—Czechoslovakia's ancient Emil Zatopek could do no better than sixth in the marathon, but he had entered only to savor the thrill of competition once more and seemed delighted to hear that Milouren, his old adversary, had finally won a gold medal.

Amid the crash of collapsing reputations, three entirely stable fellows stood fast. Paddy O'Brien, invincible master of the world's shotputters, lobbed his big iron ball 40 feet 11 inches and won an Olympic gold medal for the second time. Poles Vaulter Bob Richards duplicated his 1948 triumph, and so did Brazil's genius of the hop, step, and jump, Adhemar Ferreira da Silva, a man with a very solid soul and very springy legs.

Meanwhile, of course, Melbourne has been fairly littered with other Olympic contests and almost continuously noisy with the shouts of a city-dweller which will hives watchfully about almost any known form of sporting activity.

For suspense, nothing in the Games has yet quite equaled the hesitant, if determined way Yale's eight-oared crew proceeded to final victory in the 2,000-meter final at Lake Wendouree, a 1½-mile length of frequently wind-lashed water 70 miles from Melbourne. Yale, the favorite, sat out finishing third behind Australia and Canada in their first preliminary heat. To make the finals at all they had to win a second-chance repechage race. They made it. After that they had to take the Aussies on again and an unorthodox Russian crew as well. They made it again, toiling against a 14-mile-an-hour wind. But could they win three days in a row? Only the finalists—Sweden, the tough Australians and the tough Canadians—held the answer.

Forty thousand people gathered among the trees and meadows along the banks of the water to see the riddle solved. It was not an easy process—Canada led at 390 meters, the Australians at 400, Canada forged ahead at 500 meters, and the Aussies caught them again at 590. Yale, already hitting 38 strokes to the minute, one or two above their normal racing beat,

continued on next page



Paul Anderson's teeth shows weight effort



Adolfo Casanovi's reveals swim strain



Bob Gutowski's shows reader's tension



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MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 15

got into the scrap at the halfway point; then with 600 meters to go, they hit 40, held it all the way to the finish line and scraped through with a half-length lead and victory—the eighth consecutive eight-oared championship for the U.S. in Olympic rowing.

Their Frank Merrittwell finish took every last ounce of starch they had possessed—both the No. 6 man, Caldwell Emeltyne, and the No. 8 man, John Cooke collapsed from exhaustion and the rest of the oarsmen were limp. But on reconstructing the race, they gave Casswain Bill Beeklean credit for victory—to raise the boat from the awful 36 to the fantastic 49 without frightening his charges to death he had simply called: "Let's take it up to 34!" The oarsmen, thus simultaneously reprieved and seethed, then rowed like madmen. "If we'd known we were already hitting over 55," said No. 4 man Don Beer, "I think we'd have faded."

Through it all, the unflinching guarantee of the success of the Games has been the enthusiasm of their Australian hosts. The enthusiasts has been healthy patriotism. One Melbourne paper complacently asserted that "a Pakistani or Liberian gets the same applause from this impartial crowd as an Australian." Nothing could have been further from the truth. The very mention of an Australian, as drawn in lanes so and so, in heat thus and thus, was always enough to draw tumultuous cheers. Now the country is really winding up to celebrate Australia's swimming supremacy.

Ausie expectations were dramatically upheld last week on the second night of swimming competition when the world's eight best men met for the 100-meter freestyle. The 1,500 spectators in seats around the Olympic pool cheered almost every preliminary movement by the Australians—and were echoed by hundreds more riling unhappily outside. "Ladies and gentlemen," pleaded an official voice over the loudspeakers, "we realize your excitement at the prospect of this competition, but in fairness to the swimmers we cannot start until we have absolute silence." It was a lot to ask the excited audience—for there before their very eyes was the broad-chested, sandy-haired Jon Henricks, Australia's 21-year-old super-swimmer, about to make his bid for glory. Quiet finally fell.

There were three Australians, three Americans, a Japanese and a Frenchman in the final race—nervous ones all,



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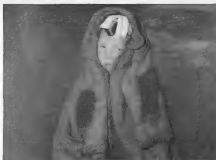
who went to their marks with a touch of the brave reluctance of French royalty mounting the guillotine. Henricks, who has not lost in a hundred races since 1952, seemed the most nervous man in the grand, silent building—the 100-meter freestyle is like the high jumper on the cinder track, where a poor start or one slip can mean ruin. His start was only ordinary, and he was a tenth of a second back as the field hit the water and the race foamed into being. He came into the turn on his wrong hand and lost another tenth-second in so doing. His teammate John Devitt was at his side almost all the way to the finish, but Henricks boiled in, the ultimate winner—with Australians Devitt and Gary Chapman second and third. "First place," the announcer boomed, "Henricks, Australia." He paused and then cried, amid happy pandemonium: "A new Olympic record of 55.4 seconds."

With two Games two-thirds finished, some important, if hardly startling, conclusions can be drawn. The U.S. remains the world's leader in most men's field events and in all races up to and including the half mile. From a mile upward, that supremacy vanishes abruptly and passes to the Europeans, mostly because the best middle- and long-distance runners are of post-warbornly age, a point at which Americans do not have the incentive at home to keep in training.

The fastest women in the world are Australian, British, German and Russian, the first two because of the emphasis placed on girls' athletics at their schools, the two latter because they are encouraged by their governments for prestige reasons. (One of the best German girls, Greta Kohler, remarked that she had run in public competition 150 times this year before coming to Melbourne. Most of the U.S. women runners had been in no more than a couple of meets this season.)

Other competitions have been dominated by nations whose traditional mastery is usually simply equated by the greatest number of hours regularly put in by the greatest number of people at a given sport. U.S. basketball leadership is still as unquestioned as that of the Indians at field hockey; the best fencers are still Hungarian, Italian and French.

The Russians continue the sporting progress they revealed to the world at Helsinki and even more strikingly at the 1956 Winter Games, but this program may be slowing down. There are signs that this is particularly true of



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MELBOURNE OLYMPICS

continued from page 45

team sports. Russian victories in international team sports have been based on a combination of maximum physical conditioning and rigorous training in tactical essentials. Now some other nations are also learning about conditioning and coaching and are proving that when these are allied to individual brilliance they can be more than a match for a mechanized strategy which does not lend itself to improvisation. At Melbourne the Soviet soccer team, two or three years ago the world's best, has been held to a tie by the humble Indonesians. The water polo squad had been beaten by the Yugoslavs and the basketballers by the French. Nonetheless, by keeping everlastingly at it and entering full squads of competent athletes in every conceivable division, the Russians stand a good chance to pick

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S TEAM

The comprehensive report from Australia in this issue represents the staff work of Andre Laguerre, Roger Bannister, Colin Phelan, Mary Snow and Ray Terrell as writers, of Richard Heck and John G. Zimmerman as photographers.

up points in Melbourne's closing days—quite convincingly enough to give them arithmetical victory by unofficial point systems.

In Melbourne last week a diet of high drama was beginning to seem like normal fare and the city's fevered existence—something like life in a disturbed, if happy, ant heap—the normal state of affairs. The influence of the Olympics spread far from the arenas. Television aerials spouted on visiting warships—even, in fact, on the periscopes of submarines—as navy crews followed every development of competition while aloft as well as ashore. The telephones at the U.S. section of the Olympic Village rang night and day as Aussie girls strove to communicate with the roomfuls of handsome athletes. The San Francisco *Examiner's* curly Grieve leaped to a typewriter in a press room set up for multilingual composition and wrote for some minutes before discovering that his machine was equipped with Chinese characters. And poker-faced Soviet athletes gathered daily around a poker-faced Australian aborigine—to take lessons in throwing a boomerang.

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Empress Chamberlain by Leo Reiter

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QUAIL HUNT DE LUXE

THERE is probably no quail hunt in America quite like the one Major Tom Armstrong stages for friends and guests on his 54,444-acre ranch just 65 miles from the Mexican border. Each year some of the nation's most prominent sportsmen and sportswomen come for the occasion, to enjoy backing in the matchless Armstrong hospitality and hunting in the Armstrong manner. Here hunters take to pasture, not in buggies and surreys, on horseback or

afloat, but in a caravan of specially built, superspringed safari cars that are equipped with everything from ham-ban and tamales to needles and thread, with saddlebags, chunk boxes, fitted-in leather gun scabbles, horn d'oeuvres and car-side can openers. In fact, this caravan moving out across the vast Corral pasture early in the morning looks like a big-time African safari out after big game. But here

continues



HUNTING CARAVAN of specially built safari cars moves out over an open pasture at the Armstrong Ranch as Mrs. J. Deaver Alexander's dog Kleberg's Spot ranges for quail.

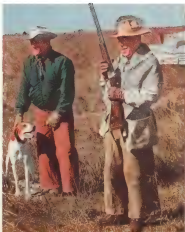
by HOLLAND McCOMBS

On the rolling sandhills and open prairies of the Armstrong Ranch in south Texas, betawhite hunters of name and fame enjoy a unique hunt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FERRILL



AN OUAL FLUSH. Mrs. Tom Armstrong (foreground), Mrs. Dick Kleberg aim guns and Mrs.



HUNT HOST Major Tom Armstrong, wearing a hat and leather chaps, works with Trainer Hung Humphreys as one of the dogs makes a retrieve.





LUNCH BREAK. End—Mr. Kiberg (center) picks out and shows morning's bag to her husband and Major Armstrong's granddaughter, 12-year-old Leslie Clement.

QUAIL HUNT DE LUXE

continued from page 18

the accent is Mexican, the guides are colorful vaqueros and the quarry is quail.

Up front in the lead car sits Dog Trainer V. E. (Hump) Humphreys. Behind him in a built-in box are five dogs. Driving the next car is hunt-wise José Hernández, vaquero and Main Friday of the Armstrong Ranch. A third is driven by grizzled and weather-worn Agustín Cavazos.

Hunting this day with the major and Mrs. Armstrong are Dick Kleberg Jr., vice-president of the King Ranch, his wife Mary Lewis and 12-year-old Leslie Clement, Mrs. Armstrong's granddaughter. Though these are local guests, prominent sportsmen from all over the nation, and some from abroad, come to the Armstrong Ranch to hunt. A few years ago Lord and Lady Hallifax hunted quail here, as did Lord and Lady Harcourt. Governor Allan Shivers of Texas is a regular hunter on the ranch and Eugene Holman, chairman of the board of Standard Oil of New Jersey, and his wife Edith make annual "pilgrimages." Other hunting guests have been Nelson, Winthrop and Laurence Rockefeller.

The man who is host to all these variegated personalities looks and acts more like a British squire on some colonial outpost of the last century than a present-day product of Texas. He sports a carefully groomed mustache and favors multicolored vests. His eyes twinkle, his deep voice booms in ready laughter. He has a seemingly bottomless reservoir of hunting stories, not only of Texas but of the whole world, as well as reminiscences of his days as a major of artillery in World War I. But it is the major's hat that stamps him south Texas from the top of his head to the tip of his boots. To insure lots of birds and good shooting the Armstrongs wear crimped-up Texas-style Stetsons, which have been gaily banded with wild turkey feathers from birds shot on their ranch.

As the caravan moves across the fields the wildlife of the southern prairie comes alive. Wild turkeys give out with an alarmed gobble and fade away into the dark and enchanted recesses of wind-bent live-oak groves. Startled deer stand coked against the landscape, camouflaged by color and stillness. A pack of javelinas scurries into the sharp-spined grass. A lone coyote silently slinks off through the prairie grass, and cherry-red Santa Gertrudis cattle lift their heads in a curiosity

salute, then go back to their browsing.

Well out in the field, and miles from ranch headquarters, Hump opens the dog box and puts down his first dog—a lemon-and-white pointer named Wayside Bill. It takes quite a bunting-car race across flats and sand dunes to keep Wayside Bill in sight. Hump, whistling and hollering, directs the dog from his vehicle. The other cars follow in his wake. And abruptly, way out by a little cactus patch, Wayside Bill makes the first find of the day. He holds the tail-high point as still as a statue until the cars come up and the hunters climb out. Mrs. Armstrong and the major walk up the birds. The covey is scattered. Two birds fly up on the left. The major gets a double. Two birds up and two down.

As Bill starts out again Hump yells, "Close in, Leah!" and there they are. Bill pins them down with a body-curved point. This time it's one to the left and one to the right. One for Mrs. Armstrong and one for the major.

GOOD SHOT IS "MEMORIED"

"That's enough out of this covey," says Mrs. Armstrong. Hunters get into their hunting cars and are off across the country again. Hump has put down the major's white and pink dot pointer Okmulgee's Dress Parade. That's too much name for hunting convenience, so they call him Nig. The cars slip and slide and swirl and bounce as they pursue him. Some of them are now a mile or so apart. José and Agustín are looking under mesquite trees and cactus patches for "nesting" coveys.

After a tooth-rattling ride there's José about a mile to the right, blowing the cow horn, standing up in the seat with hat raised on high. He has "pointed" a big covey moving around in the prairie grass near a mesquite tree. And here comes Hump's car, his whistle blowing and Nig way out in front. Just as Nig comes up to the mesquite tree he freezes, classically. Hunters come up. The covey is flushed, but nobody fires. On the Armstrong Ranch it isn't considered sporting to shoot an eagle covey on the rise.

Nig works out the singles as the scattered covey sails out into a grassy flat. Quail fly every which way in this country. One wings high into the wind. It looks as though it's well away, but the major, from far out of position, pulls the bird right down out of the sky. Though it's early in the day that shot has to be "honored." The cars circle around the major's car. José wheels his car in close, opens the truck

continued on next page



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QUAIL HUNT DE LUXE

continued from page 31

box, gets out the bourbon, some ice and the cups.

As the morning wears on, men and dogs find covey after covey. Shooting is as sharp as the coastal breeze off the Gulf of Mexico. Then, as noon-time approaches, comes one of the tragedies born of the hazards of quail hunting in south Texas. Kleberg's Spot is down, casting wide, perhaps a mile from the barriers. He suddenly whirls and, clearly, he is fighting something. "It's a coyote," cries Hump. "No! no! He's in a mood of javelina! Oh, Lord, they'll eat him to pieces." Hump's car streaks away through the sands. There are three javelinas, and Spot has charged into them and has one right in the snout. Hag and dog go round and round, then down and over in the sand. As the cars come up the javelina shakes loose of Spot and runs out through the brush. A car overtakes it and shoots it. But Spot is out for the season, tush-slashed in the chest and down both front legs. Hump details a car to rush him to the hospital.

Fresh dogs in the box white to go hunting and as a young dog named Jack is put down, the major, speaking in Spanish, gives José instructions for "hooking up" on Ebony Hill.

When the safari reaches the campsite on Ebony Hill, José has things ready. He has collected wood and made a fire. He has already stripped off some meat from the javelina that nearly killed Spot. The javelina steaks, with quail, doves and snipe, are being broiled over the grill. Table and drinks are set up. Everybody begins honoring everybody's shooting. After luncheon it is siesta time—another Armstrong Ranch ritual.

The day ends, after a lively afternoon of still more quail, with the traditional Armstrong "sundowner." As sunset softens the hardness of the prairie land and the dogs are all tucked away in the dog box, the caravan halts for the warming ritual. Like the honoring of a spectacular shot, it is another gathering around José's chuck box. At sundowner time the hunters toast everything good that happened during the day's hunt. They also drink damnation to such things as javelinas, hawks, coyotes and whatever made anybody miss a shot. The sundowner sometimes goes on into the moonlight, and the major quotes Rabelais, philosophizing for the birds that got away. The ranch master has had quite a day. He never missed a shot. (END)



FROM THE FLYWAYS

GDW—good duck weather, BW—blasted weather, H—snow, E—ice, F—flood—up, T—temperature, SP—sports, light, FF—fire, light, GF—good fight, GF—gunplay, GG—good game, GG—good game, GF—outlook poor, GF—outlook poor, GF—outlook good, GF—outlook very good, GF—outlook open (or opposite), SC—season closed (or closed)

TEXAS: Nearly 150,000 waterfowl, mainly geese, now in Eagle Lake-Lake Pecos region of Colorado and Maricao counties, with flight almost completed. Local heavy concentrations of waterfowl geese reported, but blue and snow are exceeding them out of land and water, and growing used for more landing limits on these species. BW, but FG and GF. GF of mallards from Galveston to La Brea Bay and of pintails from Galveston to Corpus Christi, with 100 and 100,000, more than 100,000 cranes estimated to be in Galveston Bay.

CALIFORNIA: River full at Lake Lake FG in new flight of pintails and mallards along GF of pintails and mallards arriving in Imperial Valley and geese are averaging 3 to 4. Estimated 10,000 snow geese and thousands of hawks, and in Lake Lake region, and Canada are beginning to move into lower Colorado River and have now gone into GF of pintails reported at San Francisco Valley, Chico, and 100,000 snow geese move new birds down.

WASHINGTON: BF in road areas with BF on west side and GF until weather improves. At Tacoma Valley 200 for mallards and 400 for heavy fags have forced duck to fly so low as way to water, geese in light spots are being fed. "After morning fog was so low," says age, "ducks were making."

OREGON: GF of western Canada down to in Canada area but BF and work on arrival of BW. Geese are unusually species, and only slightly rigged ducks will bring birds on. Heavy winds have blown most geese off of upper Columbia River and they are being blown south. In the Columbia Valley area, freezing weather and little water forcing geese north flights to southern areas or away from open water in coastal areas. If less change in weather brings rain, this flight may go right on through.

MISSISSIPPI: 50 egg estimates only about 10,000 ducks in state at present, which delayed migration may be due to lack of water.

MASSACHUSETTS: FG through entire state as good storms is needed to get birds moving. 10,000 waterfowl, now at Plum Island Refuge including 1,000 geese and 10,000 ducks, and fast heavy weather will start main migration. Best game on north shore near Plum Island.

MAINE: BF along coastal areas. Migrating far along with big water, birds north, bound from Canada, and 100,000 through December 15, but water weather, warm again.

NORTH CAROLINA: Pintails (main) and birds are well settled. About 10,000 mallards on the Missouri River near Garrison Dam 20 miles upstream. About 5,000 mallards on river near Washington. At Long Lake geese are setting out head on 20 with some snow.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Weather is cold but clear. Snow would cause estimated 100,000 ducks, mainly mallards, northward along the Mississippi River. Birds have not yet been back along the Missouri.

KANSAS: Best mostly but with some from Cimarron River Valley especially toward Conway with estimated 10,000 ducks, mainly mallards and smaller species, providing 100,000 at Kansas Federal Reserve and at Lawrence County State Lake, but main flight of mallards hasn't arrived yet.

MARYLAND: Mallards, well concentrated plus 100 on Susquehanna River from Stomach Island to northwestern end of the Battery Bay and Little Chesapeake River parties, including 100 for mallards, snow and hawks. Kent Island still jammed with Canada geese despite heavy game pressure.



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YOU SHOULD KNOW:

The National Automobile Show... is a Big League event, a social phenomenon curiously and peculiarly American. For sheer interest and display it is a Broadway theater opening, a title boxing match, a pennant baseball game, a Presidential inauguration, and the first step of Congress all dressed into one.

—THE LITERARY DIGEST, Jan. 13, 1934

EVEN since the day at the turn of the century when the first rickety horseless carriages were forced to prove that they could really run by puffing along a board track in Manhattan's old Madison Square Garden, the United States has awaited its new automobiles with breathless expectancy and has greeted them with fabulous ceremony.

The big show was traditionally the National Automobile Show—at the old Garden and then Grand Central Palace, until World War II erased the glitter. This week, for the first time in 16 years, the big show will be back, as glittering as ever, providing a comprehensive and comparative look at Detroit's new ideas. From December 8 to 18, on

three panoplied floors of Manhattan's big new Coliseum, the shiny new goods that keep America on wheels (trucks included) will be on display.

It is so optimistic a show—and with some reason. FORTUNE estimated that sales from 1967 to 1981 will average nearly 7 million cars a year, more than ever before. To sustain that figure, Detroit has done more than add chrome, push buttons and living room comforts. The new cars are lower (wheel diameter is down from 15 to 14 inches), better engineered (see page 87 for three examples), universally more powerful and, except for Hudson and Nash, more expensive. While styling changes in many cases presage continued extremes in that jet-fighter look, sports-inspired performance is catching up, and behind the gleaming paint and brightwork there is much for the keen motorist to look at. On this and the following pages the cars and their qualifications are listed with particular regard for the discerning motorist who this year has his widest choice yet among high-performance sporting U.S. automobiles.



CADILLAC

All-new bodies have new version of famed tail fin, with cokes up to 8 inches lower. V-8, 368-cu.-in., 300-hp engine with 16:1 compression ratio is standard, 325 hp available on Eldorado and Brougham (also, pronounced "broom"). Basking at show, Brougham is over-\$10,000 car with four headlights, stainless steel roof, perfume steamer, lambskin or nylon karakul carpeting. Price range: PR: \$4,212 to \$8,894.



CLOSMOBILE

Introduces 17 body styles on wider, heavier chassis. Body silhouette is 2 inches lower, 5 inches longer. Seats latest rear windows. Windshield has 18" more glass area. Rear shock absorbers are new outside the frame. Displacement of the four-barrel carburetor Rocket engine is up from 324 to 371 cu. in., hp from 240 to 277, compression ratio from 9.1 to 9.5:1. Above: Golden Rocket "38." PR: \$2,438 to \$3,982.

BUICK

Restyled with lower hood, higher fenders, lower roof. Roadmasters, Super, Costas have 364-cu.-in. engine (up from 332), 10:1 compression ratio, 260 hp (up from 235). Specials: 364-cu.-in., 250-hp, 9.5:1 engines. Optional safety redesign which begins when preset speed is reached. Body runs between new frame side rails. Ball-joint front suspension is used. Below: the Century-Catalina. PR: \$2,319 to \$3,835.



PONTIAC

New look is smoother, larger, lower. Long-time silver-streak motif is gone, replaced by stainless steel "ribble" outline. Windshields are bigger, colors new (e.g., Keweenaw). Longer piston stroke ups displacement from 318 to 347 cu. in., with hp on two-barrel carburetor models up to 255 (270 for four-barrel). Compression ratio is 10:1, up from 8.5:1. Below: Super Chief Catalina coupe. PR: \$2,291 to \$3,145.



CHEVROLET

Restyling features new upsway tail fin. Frames are stronger, glass area larger. New Turbochrome transmits smooth automatic shifting, incorporates new type hill-holder for safer braking. Industry's first fuel-injection system is optional at \$494 (see page 27). Engines: one 6 and four V-8s, ranging from 148 hp for the six to 230 hp for fuel-injection 283-cu.-in. V-8. Above: Bel Air convertible. PR: \$1,650 to \$2,489.



CORVETTE

Reinforced fiber-glass body is basically unchanged from 1966. Fuel-injection, 283-cu.-in. V-8 engine achieves milestone of one hp per cu. inch with 230 hp (up from 225 hp). Options: manual shift or automatic transmission, one or two four-barrel carburetors, 3.78:1 or 4.11:1 rear-axle ratio (3.55:1 with automatic transmission), hydraulic valve lifters or mechanical lifters (competition engine). Basic price: \$3,150.

If you are going to the great new National Automobile Show

CONTINENTAL MARK II

In keeping with principle of preserving an enduring design, the Continental retains its classic hardtop (shown) as standard. New this year is convertible by celebrated Duesen custom coachbuilders. Engineering advances include higher-compression (16:1), 268-cu.-in. engine with new carburetor, stronger steel torque converter, improved brake linings, a limited-slip differential, automatic headlight dimmer. Price: \$3,333.



LINCOLN

Upright rear fenders, dual headlights accent styling revisions. Power brakes and steering are standard. Six-way power seat, electric door locks, automatic headlight dimmer are optional. More power (300 hp, up from 250) comes from higher compression (16:1, up from 14:1), new four-barrel carburetor, redesigned combustion chamber. Piston displacement remains at 368 cu. in. Below: Landa. PR: \$4,200 to \$4,583.



MERCUURY

Radical restyling, based on XM-Turnpike Cruiser design car, features concave rear fender channel. Cars are 3 inches longer, 3 inches wider, 4 inches lower. Engines: 294-hp, 368-cu.-in. V-8 or 305-hp, 312-cu.-in. V-8. Higher-priced Turnpike Cruiser (shown), to be premiered at show, has low-profile roof flaring out over rear window, novel air intakes, power-retractable rear window, tailfins. PR: \$2,315 to \$4,415.



FORD

Completely restyled Fords come in two sizes for first time: Fairlane are 9 inches longer and 4 inches lower than last year, Custom 3 inches longer and 3½ inches lower. Industry's first retractable hardtop (in operation shown) withdrawn in half minute. Engines: Thunderbird V-8 (optional) with 245 hp, 312-cu.-in.; 312-hp, 328-cu.-in.; 360-hp, 372-cu.-in.; and 144-hp, 232-cu.-in. six cylinder. PR: \$1,679 to \$2,428.



THUNDERBIRD

Unique canted rear fender line of standard Fords, retains essential may look. Bumper-mounted wheel lock bolts are 5¼ inches longer, providing 18½ more luggage space under long rear deck. Engine options range from 270 hp (34½ increase over 1955's most powerful) to 322 hp. Transmissions available are automatic, automatic overdrive, or standard. Center of gravity is lower, brake-lining area larger. Price: \$2,068.



IMPREGIAL

Chrysler's most luxurious car reflects company's almost-inspired styling. Four inches lower and three inches wider, it incorporates new Torque-Air suspension (see page 27), three-speed push-button automatic transmission, six-way power seats, dual headlights. New models: a convertible and LeBaron sedan. Engine: 332 cu. in., 325 hp, 9.25:1 compression ratio. Above: Southampton hardtop. PR: \$4,247 to \$5,168.

CHRYSLER 300-C

Industry's most powerful car (325 hp at 5,200 rpm), 300-C hit 148.7 mph in tests. New body has big air-scoop grille. New torque suspension adds handling. Dual headlights are standard. Two four-barrel carburetors feed 382-cu.-in. engine (compression ratio: 9.25:1). Optional for highest performance: 16:1 compression ratio, high-speed camshaft, low back-pressure exhaust, new limited-slip differential and hand shift.



CHRYSLER

Chrysler introduces new Saratoga model (shown) for middle-range market penetration. All models have new aviation-inspired styling with high rear fins. Bodies are as much as 8 inches lower. Torque-Air suspension, improved centerplate brakes help handling. More powerful engines (up 45 hp to 325 hp on New Yorker) come in three models, with piston-displacement ranges from 354 to 393 cu. in. PR: \$2,757 to \$4,182.



DE SOTO

New, lower-priced Firenza now joins the Firenza and Firenza models. Three-speed push-button transmission, torque suspension, floating-shoe brakes are new. Firenza engines have 294 hp, 341 cu. in., 9.25:1 compression ratio; Firenza's come except for smaller carburetor, 270 hp; Firenza: 245 hp, 335 cu. in., 8.5:1 compression ratio (power peak up to 260). Below: Firenza hardtop. PR: \$2,476 to \$3,695.





DODGE

As much as 5 inches lower, it follows Chrysler's low-silhouette look, has Torsion-Air suspension, better brakes and more luggage space. Engines: Getaway Six has 230 cu. in., 138 hp, 8:1 compression ratio; Red Ram V-8 has 225 cu. in., 245 hp, 8.5:1 compression ratio; Super Red Ram V-8 achieves 260 hp through four-barrel carburetor, dual exhausts. Above: Lancer hardtop. PR: \$2,124 to \$2,832. High-performance Dodge D-360 engine (optional extra) up to 310.



PLYMOUTH

Directly carried from hooded headlights to upkrest tail fin, New Fury "360" engine with power pack, available on all models, is a 361-cu.-in., 235-hp V-8 with 8.5:1 compression ratio. Standard "381," as Belvedere, Savoy and Suburban models, produce 215 hp. Plaza models deliver 197 hp with 277-cu.-in. V-8, 132 hp with six-cylinder engine. Distinctive high-performance Fury model is rated at 293 hp. Above: Belvedere sedan. PR: \$1,594 to \$2,187.



NASH

First of this famed but in recent years hard-hit make to be assembled in South Bend, Ind., under Studebaker-Packard's consolidation plan, the 1967 Packard will make its debut at the show but will not go to dealers until mid-January. Clipper sedan (above), which strongly resembles standard Studebakers, will be 2 inches lower, 300 pounds lighter. Sales concentration will be in medium-price field. Price and engineering details have not yet been announced.

STUDEBAKER HAWKS

For the first time, a supercharger (see page 57) is standard equipment on a production car (the Golden Hawk, below). The McCulloch five-pound boost, full pressure blower can run 30% more fuel and air into combustion chamber. Limited-slip differential induces wheel spin on slick surfaces. Golden Hawk 289-cu.-in. V-8 engine produces 275 hp; Silver Hawk V-8, 254 hp (optional: 225 hp); Silver Hawk six-cylinder: 185 cu. in., 101 hp. PR: \$1,954 to \$2,912.



STUDEBAKER

Moderate recycling reveals engineering advances, which include variable-rate coil springing that automatically adjusts for road conditions (standard) and limited-slip differential (optional at additional expense). Three more powerful engines are offered: a 289-cu.-in., 216-hp V-8 for Presidents, 228-cu.-in., 186-hp V-8 for Commanders and 185-cu.-in., 161-hp six-cylinder for Champions. V-8 compression ratio: 8.5:1. Below: President Classic. PR: \$1,823 to \$2,435.



NASH

Minor recycling utilizes new dual headlights, but big news is price cut (\$238 to \$231). Nash and Hudson are only makes dropping prices in face of industry-wide markups. Nashes are 2 inches lower, have more powerful 227-cu.-in., 255-hp V-8 engine with 9:1 compression ratio and four-barrel carburetor. Unitary, body-frame construction, metal body, padded dash boards are continued. Below: Ambassador Country Club hardtop. PR: \$2,510 to \$2,751.



RAMBLER

Basic style continues. A new V-8 engine is added to the improved 6. The V-8, with 250-cu.-in. displacement, 9:1 compression ratio, delivers 188 hp. The 8, a 196-cu.-in., 8.25:1 model, produces 125 hp—135 hp with optional dual-throat carburetor. Coming next spring: the Rambler Rebel, a high-performance four-door hardtop with electric Bendix aviation-styled 288-hp, fuel-injection V-8. It born at show. Above: hardtop station wagon. PR: \$1,753 to \$2,442.



HUDSON

Like Nash, Hudson cut prices for 1967 (\$239 to \$275). Cam are 2 inches lower, have new 227-cu.-in., 255-hp V-8 engine with 9:1 compression ratio, four-barrel carburetor, dual exhausts. Knapin-type front suspension is replaced by steering knuckle assembly. Body and frame are of one-unit construction. Rushing seats and bed combination are standard on custom models. Padded dashboard is standard. Above: Hollywood hardtop. PR: \$2,229 to \$2,751.



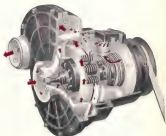
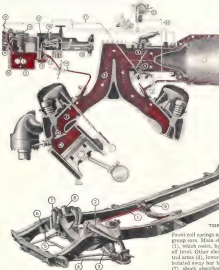
METROPOLITAN

Built in England, Metropolitan is American Motors' bid for the small-car market. It is available either as convertible or hardtop. Dimensions: over-all length—149 1/2 in.; height—54 1/2 in.; wheelbase—85 in.; width—61 3/4 in. Its new four-cylinder Austin A-50 engine, with overhead valves, 99-cu.-in. displacement and 7.2:1 compression ratio produces 52 hp at 4,500 rpm. Standard manual gearbox. Price: \$1,877 (hardtop, above), \$1,553 (convertible) f.o.b. port of entry.

SPORTS-INSPIRED IDEAS AT THE SHOW

CHEVROLET FUEL INJECTION

Detroit's first fuel-injection engine (below) achieves faster response, quicker starting, smoother idling and greater fuel economy than conventional carburetors. Fuel flow is controlled by air pressure. While engine idles, air entering cleaner (1) flows continuously through ducts (2) to fuel nozzles (3). With power on, the balance of clean air (4) passes throttle valve (5) into intake manifold (6) to intake ports (7) to mix with injected fuel. Throttle valve (5), responding to accelerator, controls the air flow, and thus the system. Fuel from fuel pump (11) enters at (8), admitted by valve (9). Fuel (arrows) splashes into the reservoir (10), moves through pump (11) to passage (12) and up to ball-check (13), where it is pumped to fuel lines (14), thence to nozzle, in which it is atomized and sprayed into air at intake port (7). Mixture passes valve (15) into the combustion chamber (16) as the intake valve. During deceleration or coasting, vacuum tube (17) opened by high vacuum at closed throttle valve (vertical position) signals diaphragm (18) above fuel pump (11), raising diaphragm and thus causing fuel to return to the reservoir (10). For fast acceleration, movable pivot (19) is operated by fuel-enrichment diaphragm (20), controlled by reduced vacuum created as air rushes past opening (21) at full throttle (vertical position). Passage (22) moves down, increasing fuel flow to injection nozzles. Electric choke (23) operates on vacuum system (24) for cold starts.



STUDEBAKER SUPERCHARGER

Industry's first standard supercharger (on Golden Hawk) takes performance. Rotating air is rushed by fixed impeller (1) through cast-iron chamber (arrows) into fuel passage (2) to carburetor (from 3). At lower speeds, some air (4) enters small hole and flows (arrows) to solenoid assembly (5), which either permits air to act on piston (6) or stops the flow. As engine speed decreases, air flow forces piston to push movable inner surface (7) of variable-ratio pulley toward fixed outer lip. This forces drive belt up, reduces impeller speed at low throttle. At full throttle, piston retracts, impeller speeds up and blowing force increases.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBIE MOWERS

TORSION-AIR SUSPENSION

Front coil springs are set, and tension bars are in all Chrysler-group cars. Main elements of new suspension are tension springs (1), which resist, by twisting, forces which tend to throw the car off level. Other elements are upper control arms (2), lower control arms (3), lower control-arm struts (4), sway bar (5), rubber-isolated sway bar hangers (6), anti-brake-dip control-arm mounts (7), shock absorbers (8), load-set coil-lowering device (9) and new outboard rear springs (10). System reduces front-end diving on quick stops, improves cornering stability and cuts vibrations.

Following through snow and ice a banner with a strange device (GAMR), *Sports Illustrated's* expert discovers

RALLY FEVER

Like picking yourself up by the back of the neck and kicking yourself with both feet, the Great American Mountain Rally, which yearly brings some 60 keen motorists out for a week-end struggle all over New England, demands considerable skill, but it also leaves the competitor open to suspicion of his reason.

The Rally is not a tourpet in a tea shoppe but an automotive event (the only American rally sanctioned by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile) during which the driver is asked to propel his beautifully prepared car over the most miserable of roads in atrocious weather.

The co-driver is asked to navigate with such precision that the car will be able to maintain maximum average speeds with bull's-eye accuracy. Then, to finish off, the top 10 drivers are required to negotiate a tricky gymkhana layout, a test as demanding of their sense of precision as the Rally is of their over-all skill on the road.

Well, let it be said at once that the fourth annual GAMR, held over 1,171-44 miles on Thanksgiving weekend, was won by, of all things, a three-cylinder, two-cycle, 38-horsepower, front-wheel-drive Swedish SAAB—mistakenly driven by, of all people, a Volkswagen agency man named Robert Wehrman, of Uniondale, N.Y., and navigated cleanly by Louis Braun, of Pompton Lakes, N.J. Second by only 38 penalty points for the Rally course came Budd Macklay and Graham Locke in a beat-stamped 190-cc. Renault, followed closely by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Blackburn of Greenvale, N.Y. in a Jaguar XK140.

Before Thanksgiving it might have seemed remarkable to see that Mrs. Blackburn, after the gymkhana, when she seemed a chance for first place, was shaking uncontrollably from the tension of awaiting out the final settling of accounts. Now, however, it is completely understandable. As it happened, I was in the Rally too. Not having participated in such an event before, I accepted when Routes Motors in-

vited me to "have a bash at it" in a dual-carburetor 1967 Sunbeam Rapier. An old English hand, Ronald Kennel, who has navigated for Britain's famed Sirirling Moss and Stella Van Damme, came along to tell me where to go.

It was raining hard as the 42 competing cars left Manhattan at two-minute intervals on Thanksgiving Eve (World Champion Driver Juan Fangio started off the first few cars). The weather story was rain and mud the first day, snow and ice the second and subfreezing cold the third. The gymkhana, mercifully, was held indoors.

The GAMR was divided into 46 legs, with a different average speed for each. You did not know when you would come across a control point, at which your time was recorded to the second, so you ordinarily could not afford to exceed the average on good roads, on the theory of having something in hand for the boardwalks. The penalty for error was a point for each second early or late (with provision for double penalty under certain conditions). Other penalties could be achieved effortlessly—for such misdeemeanors as tampering with the engine, using spare parts, getting lost and so

on, ad infinitum. Getting lost was one of the more frustrating ways, and the instructions were not always easily carried out. "At mill box O. G. Brandon on your right," one may read, for example, "turn left onto dirt road." At Bear Brook State Park in New Hampshire many contestants lost quite a few points because a key sign which had been in place when the route was surveyed was missing last week.

Mud and rutted mountain roads kept everyone nicely occupied the first day, which ended in St. Johnsbury, Vt. after an all-right, all-day scramble. And then came snow and ice on the way to Lake Placid, N.Y.

Lincoln Gap and Snuggler's Notch were the critical areas. "Give her bags of urge and blast your way up," advised Kennel, and blast we did—through a blizzard on the Notch in 18 inches of snow, and down the far slope behind a car which looked its wheels and slid over so gently down the mountain sideways for 100 feet. And bags of urge were needed again at the bottom to get up the icy steep of Lincoln.

Up, down and around, we pressed on (it's amazing, this inclination to press on regardless of conditions, once your blood is up) to Lake Placid, then started back to Manhattan in seven-below weather the next morning. The last day's drive was on good roads. It was primarily a test of navigation and was anticlimactic.

During the gymkhana the Blackburns (and the officials) believed they were in second place, only 14 points behind Wehrman. Wehrman thereupon scratched his head to 20 points, so Mrs. Blackburn might as well have left her nails unwashed, especially since it was discovered six hours later that the eventual second-place Renault had been erroneously penalized 3,600 points during the day.

Only five of the 42 starters failed to finish the route, through mechanical trouble, illness or misadventure—a praiseworthy record. The Rapier pushed on smoothly without a hint of troublemaking, and we finished 32nd, which wasn't bad, considering the fact that we were never able to compensate properly for our Speedpilot (31, Nov. 4) error (the Speedpilot worked brilliantly for some, less well for others) and that we twice broke chains, got held up by an overturned truck and once moved into a ditch. Still, we had fastest time in class on the acceleration climb.

If it hadn't been for that bloody bad luck, Mrs. Blackburn (this is the rally of a thousand excuses), we'd have been palpitating beside you. (C.R.R.)

THE TOP 10

CAR	DRIVER	CO-DRIVER	PENALTY POINTS
1. SAAB 900	Robert Wehrman	Louis Braun	1,536
2. Renault 4CV	Budd Macklay	Graham Locke	1,574
3. Jaguar XK140	Donald Blackburn	Flonore Blackburn	1,593
4. Volkswagen	Henry Young III	Carole M. Jendler	1,601
5. Triumph TR3	Harold Hurley	Arthur Reider	1,672
6. SAAB 900	Bob Steiner	Monroe Mueller	1,677
7. Triumph TR3	Marion Gattaboni	Stewart Kellogg	1,825
8. Volkswagen	Fred F. Allen	Frances Allen	1,731
9. MG Midget	Robert Young	Capt. A. L. Thomas	1,126
10. Volkswagen	Austin Milford	Kenneth Brewer	1,168

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PROTECTS AGAINST
THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES
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3. FLEX STRAIN put nylon cord every time a tire bends can use its strength, lead to premature failure. Nylon's flexibility allows constant working for fatigue, generating protection against the cause of blowout.



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Nylon cord tires* offered as new safety feature on '57 De Soto

**Engineered to meet today's driving needs,
nylon cord gives tires lasting strength,
means new freedom from fear of blowouts**

Now for today's interstates and highways there are modern tires with the safety that only nylon cord can give. Nylon gives tires extra stamina to stand mile-after-mile driving strains that can cause unseen damage to your tires. Nylon cord gives a long life against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence.

Do Pont produces the nylon fiber, nylon cord tires are available from all tire makers. Be sure to look for the identification on the sidewall.

*Nylon cord tires are made with nylon.

OTHER Tires are like OTHER news . . . BROOKLYN QUINCY



**The safest, strongest tires you can have on your new car
are made with nylon cord**

SCISSORED

California's knitted swimming suits

WHEN Bud Gernreich received *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s first citation for the young designer of "greatest promise" last June he was hailed in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* with the line: "Oh sew me up in a free-red sheath/ Straight from head to toes/ Then on with the scissors to show beneath."



FREE-TOP bathing suit—seen in: Suzi (left) and Jimmy Mitchell at Three Arch Bay, South Laguna, California. Suzi's suit (\$30) is of

LAMMER-BACK cutouts—extend from the length to the 22½ thoracic vertebra on an otherwise clasped sheath suit (\$22) worn by Jimmy Mitchell.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA

SUNNERS

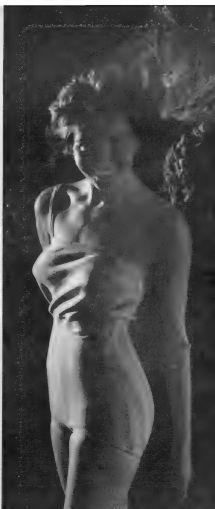
take on a new peaches-and-cream piquancy

What good fashion meant me to show!" The sciences of Designer Gertrude snipped in new directions for his third and most graphic collection of knitted bathing suits. Manufactured by Westwood Knitting Mills, the suits will be available at Lord & Taylor, Burdine's and Jax now through January.



Dry Lounge stripes with solid solar vest front; Jimmy's (also \$34) is solid color except for checkered back, has leather half belt buckled above waist.

IMPULSE silhouette in orange-and-pink striped wool has a high neckline, braided bodice (\$33), here pictured in shadowlight of sunset on Stuy.



BOB LIGHTS A NAVY FIRE

by DON PARKER

The Army-Navy game ended in no decision, thanks to an inspired Navy tackle. Elsewhere the season ended in the joy of bowl fever

IT WAS MIDWAY through the third quarter, and Army led Navy 7-6. The Navy captain, William Earle Smith, came back to the huddle dazed, hurt, but unwilling to leave the game.

"You all right, Smitty?" a teammate asked. "You sure you're all right?"

Smith nodded impatiently. "Okay. I'm okay. Let's go."

Bob Reifmeyer, a Navy tackle, looked at Smith closely. "He's hurt. Get him out," said Reifmeyer. The huge tackle ran halfway to the Navy bench and shook his fist at Navy Coach Eddie Erdelatz, indicating that Smith's arm was too badly injured for him to continue.

"Better take Smitty out," he yelled.

Erdelatz nodded and sent in a new end.

It was then that this young giant, Reifmeyer, took charge of the Navy team and, through his own single-minded determination, accused it late such momentum against the precise, confident Army that soon the confidence and precision were gone. Time and again he charged into the Army backfield, ruining plays before they started, before Army's rattled Quarterback Dave Bourland could make the hand-offs to his teammates. He tackled viciously, almost as though he were conducting a personal crusade against the Black Knights. He caused the Army to fumble, and he was there to recover for the Navy. He brought his Blue and Gold team to Army's doorstep and gave his teammates, Fullback Dick Duganpant, the key. Duganpant scored. Ned Olfhars kicked the point to tie it 7-7. But, more than anyone, Robert Harland Reifmeyer saved Navy Saturday.



REIFMEYER OF NAVY

He is 19 years old. He is 6 feet 2, he weighs 225 pounds, and he comes from Rockville Centre, N.Y. These are the vital statistics listed in the program.

The program does not tell you, though, that his dad, fighter's name, his square, cleft chin and some scar tissue around the eyes, make him appear older, maybe 27 or 28. Nor does it say that Bob Reifmeyer has a kind of perception unusual in a boy 19 years old.

There were no tears in his eyes in the dressing room after the game, though many of his teammates were red-eyed. He sat, half-naked, in front of his locker, stowing his equipment. Sure, he was a little regretful that Rear Admiral W. R. Bredenberg III, superintendent of the Naval Academy, had turned thumbs down on the Sugar Bowl. "Who wouldn't be?" he asked.

"But the game. We played a good game. I felt the team did real good coming from behind like that. Sure it would be better if we won, but we didn't. And we didn't play a bad ball game."

He shifted his big frame to pull on a sock. You could see the red marks on his thigh beginning to turn purple and yellow—ample evidence of how bitterly this game had been contested.

"That Morahan," Reifmeyer went on. "He played a good game for Army. You could tell him when he hit. Hard and fast. He'd pick you right up and carry you a yard. Nobody else hit that hard."

Smitty came over. Smitty the captain, the one Reifmeyer had urged the coach to take out of the game. His

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BOB LIGHTS A NAVY FIRE

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arm was so stiff someone had to help him tie his shoes and knot his tie. His face was red, so were his eyes. He just shook Reilly's hand. "We tried, Bob. We tried." He left. Reilly said:

"I got two more years to play. Smitty . . . well this was his last game. He feels pretty bad. I can understand. But I got two years left. My mother, father and my girl owe it today. It's kind of like a dream come true. I mean playing in a big game like this with your folks and your girl in the stands. And a good game, too."

Other teammates came over to Reilly's locker.

"Gentle game, Bob." But the voices were sober, not jubilant. One said:

"They didn't even ask us to vote on it. Didn't ask us."

They were talking about the Sugar Bowl. They were resentful, openly so. They had not yet learned that Admirals do not ask in the Navy. But they were learning.

Reilly, nearly dressed in his uniform, pulled on a powder-blue sweater over his regulation white shirt and black tie. Then he slipped on his uniform blouse. When it was buttoned, you could just see a little of the powder blue sticking out where his lapels made a V.

"Can't see it when I get my overcoat on," he grinned. He had a friendly grin, and it was hard to realize that only 30 minutes before he had been out on the field, tackling and blocking like an enraged man. "Look at the size of that monster," they had said of him in the stands. "Bet he's mean."

Reilly had his overcoat on. "Gonna leave now. Gonna meet my folks and my girl down at the hotel. Got the night off. So long."

And he went out the door whistling, not seeming like a mean monster at all.

The club car was overflowing as the special football train hunk to New York. Two slightly tight middle-aged men in civilian clothes fortified with Army buttons discussed the game.

"I can't understand what happened after that third quarter," said one. "Just looked like Army fell apart, didn't it?" The other said:

"Yeah, I guess they just got tired." (E.E.E.)

HICKMAN'S ANALYSIS

NAVY'S OFFENSIVE effort was a definite disappointment. Usually they are flanker-conscious, pass-minded, imaginative and explosive. Their pinpoint passing was never blended into the snuffing and sometimes inconsistent running attack. Navy had many opportunities to cash in as Army fumbled and miscue but capitalized only once for a touchdown.

Army's attack was more open. Their passing, not impressive statistically, was used strategically to good advantage. The jump pass, diagrammed here last week with the football markings, was effective, and the "take-quick-jump-and-throw-deep" was beautifully executed and just missed by a hair. The overhand quick pitchout thrown to a set halfback, made famous by Glen Davis but used infrequently nowadays, was refreshing. This yardage was chased under running. The "ride series," especially with Fullback Bob Kysky carrying, seemed more deceptive than ever and gained huge chunks of yardage, only to be partially nullified by persistent fumbling.

Kysky, playing his final game for Army, proved himself the best runner on the field. Whether his 32-yard run from deep punt formation with 4th down and three to go from mid-field was planned or not, I don't know, but it certainly was well executed. In fact, it looked too good to be planned. Two Navy sophomores were outstanding performers, Mr. Big and Mr. Small. I watched Mr. Big, Bob Reilly, closely on defense and predict that he will become one of the outstanding tackles in Navy history. A converted high school fullback lately become a tackle, he has all the ingredients of greatness. He is still a mere strapping of 19 and weighs just 236, but wait until he grows up. The little guy, Dick Dagumput, did everything but take the air out of the ball against Army. He recovered a free punt. He blocked with authority and ran with a vengeance. Incidentally, he also scored Navy's touchdown.

If Army could have hung on to the ball they would have won with ease. They seemed to have a better knowledge of where to run and when. For the most part they scrambled less than Navy and seemed to have a better organized offensive plan. Superiority is shown by the fact that Army had the ball for 78 plays to 51 for Navy and gained 237 to 132 yards.

AROUND THE COUNTRY

Though the Army-Navy game—traditional finale to college football—was the main event of the nation's athletic last week, a scattering of other games were still to be played, particularly in the South and Southwest, where the weather drives a kinder attitude toward deep outdoor sports and spectators.

THE EAST

HOLY CROSS ended New England participation with a 7-0 victory over its ancient rival, *Boston College*. The winning score came on a 33-yard pass play from Quarterback Bill Brothers to Halfback Paul Toland, with only 40 seconds left in the game. The Holy Cross system immediately returned

onto the field, so the game had to be held on five minutes as police cleared them off. The win gave Holy Cross a 34 to 11 edge in this ancient series. In another game, *Wake Forest* beat *Kings Point* 34-0.

The action elsewhere was light and scattered, although there were still some important games left to be played in the South and the Southwest.

THE SOUTH

It may have been nervousness over post-season prospects, but all of the leading bowl candidates had to overcome the jitters before rolling up impressive victories and

insuring themselves of lucrative invitations to play football again on New Year's Day or thereafter.

At Nashville *Tennessee* was sloppy at the start and found itself tied 7-7 with *Georgia Tech* at the end of the half. After the Vols finally came to life, they methodically disposed of the Commodores 27-7. The victory clinched an unbeaten season (10-1), the Southeastern Conference championship and a date to play Baylor in the Sugar Bowl Jan. 1.

At Athens, Ga., *Georgia Tech* showed only a meager 7-0 lead over week Georgia at half time. But the Engineers got back on the track, exploded for three touchdowns in the fourth quarter and a 24-0 victory. Loser only to Tennessee, Tech wound up

with a 5-1 season chart, second place in the SEC (7-1) and an invitation to replay last year's Sugar Bowl game with Pitt in the Qatar Bowl Dec. 29.

Chisson could do no better than a 7-7 standstill with little *Panthers* in the first quarter, then found the range for two touchdowns in the second period on the way to a 20-7 victory. The win earned Chisson, the Atlantic Coast Conference champion, the Orange Bowl berth. The Tigers will face Colorado in Miami Jan. 1. Other scores:

Wash. St., 10-0; Uga 7
Auburn 30, Alabama 7

Wich. St., 10-0; Mo. S. T.
1-0; T. 1, Tulane 7

THE SOUTHWEST

IN THE SOUTHWEST, while Texas Christian and Baylor were winning afternoons starts and acquiring partners for the Cotton and Sugar Bowl games, Texas A&M comforted a ghost by chasing Texas' stadium fire 34-31. It was the first time the Aggies had beaten the Longhorns in Austin since Memorial Stadium opened in 1934. In their final regular-season games, Texas Christian beat coach Southern Methodist's ragged Minutemen 21-6, and Baylor blined Rice 48-12. The conference ended with Texas A&M on top with a 4-0 record, followed by TCU, 3-1, Baylor, 4-1, Arkansas, 3-3, Southern Methodist, 2-4, Rice, 1-4 and Texas 0-5.

In the Border Conference, West Texas State (3-2) exploded for 21 points in the second half to rout Midwestern 41-14 and thus clear their last hurdle before meeting Mississippi Southern in the Tangerine Bowl at Orlando, Fla. Midwestern had shared the lead to 28-14 before State's first string returned to action and scored up the center. Marston-Womenes closed out the season with a 41-14 win over Texas Tech, while Houston, champion of the Missouri Valley Conference, rolled over Denver 38-7. Oklahoma backed Oklahoma A&M 33-0 for its 40th straight win, a new national record.

THE MIDWEST

CHUCK MEYER, a Missouri tackle, grabbed Bobby Robinson, a Kansas half-back, in the end zone with 39 seconds remaining, to give the Tigers a 16-13 Big Seven victory, while Colorado A&M and New Mexico, a couple of Skyline Conference teams just finishing out the season, had themselves a scoring spree, with Colorado A&M winning 33-27.

THE FAR WEST

WEST COAST football bowed out with the traditional Southern California-Wake game at Los Angeles. The Irish, hampered by inexperience all season, could not contain USC's vicious ground attack, and ended their worst season in history with a 19-20 loss.



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TIP FROM THE TOP



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from CHARLES McREYNOLDS, Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester

Any average golfer who wants to play a better game must have a good basic foundation upon which to work. I mean, of course, a proper pivot. Here's a way to acquire that fundamental action.

Take a club like a five-iron and start sweeping it into a backswing as naturally as you can, but swing back only until the left arm is parallel with the ground. Let your left foot rise normally and roll against its right sole edge. Let your left knee bend easily toward a point midway between your two feet. Your swing has thus traveled only halfway to the top of a full backswing. Then swing the club forward, reversing the action so that your right foot rolls onto its left sole edge, the heel raising slightly. The weight of your body will shift onto the left leg and foot. Try to keep this footwork in time with the swing of the club. In a very short time you will sense a feeling of rhythm. If you will practice this short rhythmic swing 10 minutes a day for two weeks, you'll be surprised at the feeling of coordination you get.

Now you can begin swinging at a ball. Don't try to knock the cover off. The rhythmic action of your feet, knees and hips will produce the swinging power themselves.



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NEXT WEEK: GRAHAM ROSS ON THE UPPER RIGHT ARM



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BARBLOON, LATE-DEVELOPING CALUMET COLT, WOUND UP SEASON BY BEATING BOLD RULER

should be severely challenged next season, however, by Alaresian, Romanita, Leblouche and Miss Blue Jay. A. B. (Bull) Hancock's Doubledeedare gets the nod in the 3-year-old filly division over Mrs. Vernon Cardy's Levese largely through a winning effort in the Splinter, while among the older fillies and mares the standout was Blue Sparkler, a consistently good performer against ranking male handicappers. Decathlon, a brilliant runner for not one but two seasons—although mostly unnoticed because he wisely avoided the longer distances of the classic tents—was far and away the leading sprinter in the country and just last week at Tropical Park he equalled the world's record for five-and-a-half furlongs: 1:43.4. The grass horse award goes to Career Boy for his victory in the United Nations Handicap and a most creditable fourth behind Ribot in the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. And Shipboard, who won two of his three races, both times carrying 164 pounds, was easily the best of the steeplechasers.

2-YEAR-OLDS TO WATCH

The biggest dispute, I suppose, will come over naming Bold Ruler the best of the 2-year-old colts over Harbison. Granted a very strong case can be made for the latter. Harbison, the Calumet colt who is at the moment the logical choice for early Kentucky Derby favoritism, raced only six times and won five times. And yet his only stakes victory—in fact his only start in a stake—was the Garden State, a race in which Bold Ruler very nearly

went down and ultimately finished 17th out of 18. By contrast Bold Ruler, winner of seven out of 18 starts, took the Youthful, the Juvenile and the Belmont Futurity. Here again I maintain that his beaten fields were, during the part of the season in which he dominated the entire 2-year-old scene, more consistently better than the opposition faced by Harbison in all but the one major race of his career.

The 1955 season, before it finally slips unnoticed into the new year, will probably show slight increases in both attendance and wagering already more than 28 million fans have put over \$2 billion through the pari-mutuel machines. But as the year goes out some of the memories will stick: Summer Tan, so nearly dead two years ago, finally coming back—and coming back big for his trainer Sherrill Ward; Needles frightening everybody half to death as he waited to make his move that brought him from last to first place in the Kentucky Derby; the astounding ease with which Swaps skated the world's records as often in California and the sight of gallant Mister Gus finishing second to him three straight times; the thrilling duel between the Willie-Hartack and Shoemaker—for riding supremacy; Nashua's quietly impressive last public gallop at Keeneland.

And yet there is, blocking out all these pictures, a more vividly lasting one: Swaps, Horse of the Year, fighting courageously for his life in a lonely impersonal stall way out in New Jersey. Whatever else, it was his year. (E.M.S.)

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THE SEARCH FOR A SUPERHORSE



Ribot, a horse of Nietzschean proportions, was the crowning achievement of the late Federico Tesio, the great but unorthodox Italian breeder

by LUIGI BARZINI JR.

AFTER almost 50 years of obsessive work, after having bred thousands of horses his own hardheaded way, Federico Tesio, the great Italian breeder, finally got what he had been groping for. "I don't want just a good race horse," he always explained to his aides or his partner, Marchese Mario Lucini della Rocchetta. "What I want is a superhorse." His ideal belonged to his age. He was trying to create a Nietzschean prototype, a Wagnerian divine animal, a Carlylean hero of the turf. He always smiled politely when other owners told him happily they had a colt who someday would win some Italian purse. Those were provincial ideals, not worth wasting one's life on. The only goals were the big races in France and England, where the best in Europe (and sometimes in America) met. He wanted to win them not in a dramatic photofinish, by a nose, a head or two, a short length, but easily and comfortably, with a horse that would run ahead like a whippet in front of a pack of terriers.

The great irony of Tesio's life was that when he died at 85 years of age, May 1, 1984, he had a 2-year-old dark bay colt in his stable that would do just that—but he never knew. Propped against his shooting stick, Tesio had seen Ribot galloped, to be sure, on the training track at San Siro and at the Barbaricina winter quarters near Pisa. He had nodded silent approval. Of course he realized he had something good there. But how good, he had no time to find out. He never knew the colt was the best he ever bred, the best of his time in Europe, perhaps the best in the world, one of the greatest ever born. In fact, many believe Ribot is as close to the ideal superhorse as any horse could ever be. Tesio not only never suspected it; he never even entered him for the Italian Derby. Only once, during the last few months of his life, the old man was heard to say: "There is something about his gallop . . . I don't know."

There certainly is something about Ribot's gallop. British experts said that he runs "like a dog," not a horse. His motion is as smooth and continuous as that he gives the

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BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH BY GIANFRANCESCO BIANCHI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

THEY TESTED, DOWN LYNCH AND FEDERICO, shot in Milan shortly before Tesio's death.



SUPERHORSE

Continued from page 29

impression of being pulled by a wife, while other horses behind him plod on in their old-fashioned, un-Nietzschean way, one stride at a time. The exercise boys who first rode him in training were amazed. "I didn't feel him galloping under me," one of them said.

Before he retired to stud after the Arc de Triomphe this fall, Ribot won 16 races in three years, 1954-56, all the races he started in, and he won them all by several lengths—with one exception, the Gran Critérium at the age of 2. His jockey was new to him and made a mistake. Instead of letting him go at a steady pace, he held him

back and then whipped him. Ribot won by a short head. (He has not been whipped since.)

His reputation, however, was made by his victories in France and England. He came in first in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, at Longchamp in 1955 by three lengths, defeating 23 competitors. Among them were the winner of the 1955 "French Derby" (the Prix du Jockey Club), the Comte de Ganay's Rapace, Sir Victor Buxton's Elzenor (who had come in third at Ascot the same year) and the three champions of Marcel Bousnac's stable, Kurun, Maup and Cardova.

The following year at Ascot, Ribot defeated nine competitors for the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes

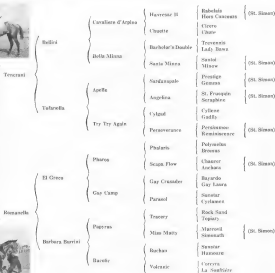
by six lengths, five of which he gained on the last uphill stretch, an almost unprecedented feat. Carrying approximately 130 pounds (as against 116 for the 2-year-olds), he came in ahead of Queen Elizabeth's own High Veldt, the Belgian Toldra and Kurun.

But Ribot's most spectacular feat was his last, his second Arc de Triomphe, Oct. 7, 1956. It was a risky and unusual thing for his owners to enter a good horse, destined for stud, in a race he had already won. The 1956 Arc de Triomphe, furthermore, was a much more difficult test than the previous one. Among the 26 entrants were the winner of the 1956 Grand Prix de Paris, Madame Volterra's Vattel; the winner of the French Oaks,

THE BLOODLINES: ST. SIMON TO SUPERHORSE



RIBOT 3 x 1952



Sicardie; the winner of the Irish Derby, G. A. O'Hara's Talga; Boussac's new great hope, Apollonia; Aly Khan's Cobetto. But it was the American expeditionary force that made the race a really risky business. Nobody knew what G. V. Whitney's Career Boy and Fisherman could do, with Eddie Arcore and Sammy Beaulieu in the saddles.

Ribot won by six official lengths, 19 real lengths according to conservative observers. In the European press, Ribot's victory was lauded as few have ever been before. Enrico Cameli, his rider, feels this is overdoing it a bit. "American jockeys aren't dangerous very often in Europe," he explains. "They race counterclockwise in America, and they sit with the inside foot slightly lower than the other to get a firmer seat on curves. In Europe it is the other way. The extended leg is on the outside, and all the weight must be supported by the cramped leg. Americans never have time to acustom themselves to a new seat."

Comparisons of great horses are notoriously invidious. Money is no criterion. In the case of Ribot, he made less than many an unimportant American champion, but Italian purses are meager. Ribot's times, too, have been excellent but never record breaking. They show one thing: Ribot is almost equally good at both short and long distances, perhaps a shade better on a longer course.

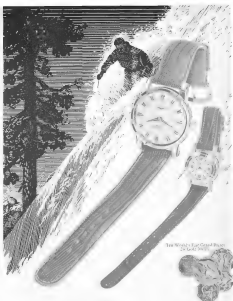
IF LOOKS COULD KILL

If appearances count for greatness, Ribot will have to concede to mediocrity. He is inconspicuous and not particularly well made. Many horses entered daily in claiming races are more impressive looking. Only his eyes, which seem different even if they aren't, and his thin skin, which some fanciers feel has signs of aristocracy, reveal anything exceptional in the animal.

What, then, is the secret of Ribot? It is the way of the track and track people to invest successful horses with traits that are perhaps more human than they are equine. So it is that Mario Incisa, half owner of Ribot, ventures one hypothesis: "He has brains. He is a very clever horse." Others in Ribot's entourage agree with Incisa and have checked him in a wily and canny personality that is as aware as it is sensitive.

On racing days, for instance, Ribot, according to his handlers, becomes a different horse. His trainer, Ugo Penco, a former groom who rose from the

continued on next page



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continued from page 76

surks, goes even further. He says Ribot knows the difference between San Siro, Ascot and Longchamp. Just before the Ascot race, Franco told Inizan: "Look how different he is today. He knows he must prove himself." If this is a bit of Latin romanticism, Ribot does seem to distinguish exhibition gallops from the real thing. The first time he appeared in an exhibition he was surprised by the applause. He knew it should come after and not before a race. Now he enjoys exhibitions to the point of showing off. After one last month at the Campanelle track in Rome, Ribot threw Carmel when the jockey stood in the stirrups and leaped forward to give him a confidential pat on the neck. His practical joke accomplished, Ribot eschewed, as he always does, running away and berated himself instead with a few mouthfuls of grain.

Ribot is said to be pleasant and boyish. The basis of this view is his friendship for Magistrie, a modest horse he was brought up and trained with. Ribot never runs without his friend and becomes restless if Magistrie is taken from his accustomed stall next to Ribot. He is also said to feed his oats to his friend, but more striking than that is his purported admiration for pretty, perfumed women. When a society lady visits him, he is said to start breathing deeply, as if to inhale Quotien's or Dior's latest. This, again, is an Italian interpretation of an Italian horse's penchant.

HEAD TO TAIL

Undoubtedly much more to the point is a minute physical examination and measurement done on Ribot by a Milan doctor, Leopoldo Pagliano, a lover of horses who many years before had appointed himself the honorary son of the childless Tesio. Pagliano's conclusion: Ribot has a sheet out of all proportion to his body.

The rest of the physical facts are simple: Ribot has a short back, a compact body and a relatively short distance between his ribs and hip bones. Foaled on Feb. 27, 1932, Ribot stands 14.1 hands high and weighs a little over 1,000 pounds. His sire, Tenorani, was a very good but not exceptional horse. He won the Ascot Goodwood Cup in 1948. His dam, Bonarella, did not have an important racing career and, until Ribot, was considered only a mediocre brood mare. There is, however, a strain of madness or eccentric-



AT LONGCHAMP, MAR. 6, 1951, WHITES AFTER RIBOT'S DEBUT STALL IN 1948

ity in her blood. Several of her relatives were withdrawn from racing for erratic behavior. (This may account for Ribot's jettisoning of Carmel. On another occasion last summer, Ribot unseated an exercise boy, who died after the fall.)

It is Pagliano's contention that with his great chest, Ribot has a lung capacity that is outsize for horses of his stature. Consequently, more oxygen is pumped through his heart and, as happens with leading distance runners (humans), his heart beat is low, 35 to the minute, 85-90 after a 1¼-mile run. Pulse and blood pressure return to normal after two hours. Ribot reaches a fatigue point considerably later than most horses. Jockey Carmel, in fact, has said that after a number of hard races he thought Ribot could go 500 more yards at the same clip without tiring.

He probably could have. In this respect only, Ribot is different, but he is

no monster. Like all other geniuses, Ribot is that very rare thing, a normal creature, only more so.

Federico Tesio would scoff at such purely materialistic explanations. A good horse, he used to say, walks with his legs, gallops with his lungs, resists with his heart but wins only with his spirit or character. Tesio believed that horses get this spirit from the violence of desire surrounding their conception.

He used the story of the only Italian winner of the English Derby to prove this point. Cavalier Gineproff, a Neapolitan, went to England with his string of horses in the '80s to beat the English at their own sport. He bred a very successful mare, Signorina, who was eventually put to stud. In 1902 she was to be bred to Isinglass, one of the great stallions of the day. Cavalier Gineproff had advanced 500 guineas for the performance. While Signorina was being walked to her appointment

one morning, she passed older and less famous stallions, out for their morning constitutional. One, the undistinguished Chaleureux, saw her and stopped short. Signorina halted, looking at him with liquid eyes, and refused to budge. It was love at first sight. Giustrelli then decided to forfeit Lingham's 300 guineas and gave the mare to the stallion she loved. The result was a mare, Signorinetta, who won the Oaks and the Derby in 1903.

Tesio's admirers say he could feel like a horse if he tried. Once, many years ago, he sold a vigorous young stallion to the Italian army. When he wouldn't perform, Tesio was disturbed. Then he suggested an experiment. Instead of the well-groomed, young and fashionable mares they had previously shown the stallion, they were to offer him an elderly, comfortable mare. This was tried and all difficulties vanished. Tesio explained that the stallion probably had been chastised when he tried to flirt with some beautiful mare on the training track. He then associated desirable female flesh with punishment. Only a disreputable old crook could put his inhibitions to rest.

Tesio was born in 1869 of moderately prosperous bourgeois stock in Turin. When he lost both parents, he was put in a boarding school. There a noted astronomer, Father Francesco Dezza, took a liking to the boy's eagerness to learn and reason. From him Tesio acquired a love for science and of unorthodox theories. Tesio went ahead after coming of age and into possession of his own money. He eventually traveled to Great Britain, India, China, Japan, Argentina and the United States—wherever he could—savoring as a gentleman jockey and playing polo. Returning to Italy determined to dedicate his life to horses, he had the great good fortune to meet Donna Lydia Flori di Serramezzana, an energetic young lady who loved and knew almost as much about horses as he did. The descendant of a Dalmatian ship-owning family, she also had means of her own. The two fell in love, were married in 1886 and bought a small estate at Dermello, on Lake Maggiore, where Tesio had decided the grass was tender and the ground dry enough to breed winners. Donna Lydia, a thin, tall, erect dowager with a regal mien, has survived her husband and, in fact, was a witness at Ribot's last race in Paris.

Originally it was not easy to break into the aristocratic, horse-racing circles of 19th century Italy. The stakes were small and only royal highnesses.

continued on next page



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Abstract

SUPERHORSE

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peinces, dukes and counts with their vast means and grand mansees could afford to compete for them. The nobles built up large stables, stocked them liberally every year with imported mares, jockeys and trainers from England or France, and then contented themselves with one or two winners.

The *Tenno's* beginnings were, as a consequence, inconspicuous. Their first horses raced obscurely in 1905. Their name first appeared among the winning stables in 1908. By 1911 they had their first Italian Derby winner, *Galfo Real*. There have been 20 more since. *Tenno* soon became tacitly recognized as the leader of Italian breeders, trainers and stable owners, not only because of his victories in Italy, France and later in England, but especially for the high quality of his horses, which were often snapped up by foreign buyers for their studs, at prices nobody had ever imagined possible in Italy. Among them were *Nastro* and *Tenerani*, now in Great Britain, and *Daurier* in the United States.

What the connoisseurs envied and admired in Tesio was his mysterious capacity to choose incredible sires and invest successful blood mixture. Among his historic stallions were Michelangelo, Scopa, Apollo, Cavaliere d'Argento, Touleux-Lautrec and Botticelli, who all sired excellent sires. It is significant that Tesio, an amateur painter of the Winston Churchill genre, named his best horses after the greatest painters and sculptors. It proves that Tesio foresaw, with a certain degree of accuracy, how good a future product of his blood alchemy was going to be. It proves, too, that Tesio erred somewhat in his estimate of Ribot. Theophile Augustin Ribot was a lesser 19th century artist and painter.

Middle-aged Italians now remember Testa only as an old man with blue eyes behind steel-rimmed glasses, always carrying an umbrella even on fine days, as an insurance, because his horses never were much good on wet and muddy tracks. He walked alone, sometimes muttering to himself, from his stables to the San Siro track in Milan, always through the same streets, taking the same corners in the same way, afraid that any variation might endanger the luck of the day. He would change his itinerary only if a cat crossed his path.

Watching his horses run, he sat alone, in the same chair, in the same place, year after year. In spite of his English clothes—the top hat and the

mooring coat of big days, the tumbler of ordinary days, and the rolled umbrella—he looked less like the aristocrat, the man of leisure, the typical Jockey Club member, than a master craftsman, a great silversmith, watchmaker or boatbuilder. He was courteous and amiable when approached, but few dared break the invisible wall which surrounded him. He lived either in Doernbech or in his little room at the Milan stables, getting up with the groom, watching the early-morning



JOCKEY AND TRAINER, Candel (left) and Pines, discuss strategy before Overbrook.

canton, visiting each horse in turn after the workout. The last day of his life (he had been living in a clinic, under observation, for a week) he went as usual to his stables, debased the day's schedule with his trainer and died in the afternoon of a stomach hemorrhage.

Always Fesio worked within limitations imposed by a tight budget. Indeed, he often turned them to advantages. He could not acquire many tools each year, so he concentrated on getting what he thought was the best for his money, trying to make as few mistakes as possible. His was the poor man's prudence. Each match was debated with Donna Lydia months or years ahead, each option very carefully weighed. "Never take anybody's advice," he used to say. "The man probably won't be a bet on that particular

ular horse and is grateful to him."

These are, in short, the Tesio rules. They sound obvious. He always chose the best stallions for his best mares. He kept the good colts and sold all others. He raised them as well as he knew how and trained them extremely hard. He wanted no weaklings. He considered races mainly as tests for his breeding experiments. All horse people, breeders, trainers and owners, of course, think they do all these things. But Tesio was his own master (Mario Indica, whom he did not acquire as a partner until 1936, was an admirer and a friend who never interfered).

Tesio often liked to make the point that he employed Mendel's law of heredity in breeding, but despite his scientific pretensions he was widely known as the "Magician of Donnafelice." On the practical level where horses are concerned, Mendelian principles are better in retrospect than they are as aids to predicting. They require too many samples to prove a point. Tesio knew this and dared to try unorthodox experiments which no stable manager seriously would have suggested. Where all factors pointed to two horses being mated, Tesio, perhaps shrewdly, perhaps intuitively, would spurn the obvious and breed one of the pair to another horse because it possessed qualities Tesio felt might prove the exact catalyst which could provide strong positive results.

This probably is what Tesio's famous alchemy consisted of. Donna Lydia, Dr. Pagliano and Indica, if they knew more, will not tell. But one can hazard guesses. Take the case of Ribot's genealogy. All along the line one finds the blood of the English stallion St. Simon (five St. Simon offspring on the father's side and two on the mother's). St. Simon was a bay, born in 1885, who never won great prizes. His owner died when St. Simon was three years old and, according to regulations, the horse was withdrawn from all races. Among Ribot's great-great-great-grandparents, six are St. Simon's sons and one is St. Simon's grandson. St. Simon was bred by the Hungarian Prince Batthyany and bought at auction by the Duke of Portland for 1,600 guineas. The day he watched St. Simon gallop for the first time, the duke was appalled. He told his trainer: "I'm afraid he runs like a rabbit, not a horse." That was very probably the galloping style which Federico Tesio had been patiently waiting and searching for among St. Simon's progeny. He was certain that, if he lived long enough, by Mendel's laws, it would drop up again. It did. (ENR)

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THE OLYMPIC PREVIEW ISSUE

CONGRATULATIONS

Sir:

Enthusiastic congratulations to Sports Illustrated upon that marvelous Olympic Preview Issue (55, Nov. 19). It embodies an advance report which is suggestively comprehensive and exceedingly well done, and the Bannister article is superb; perhaps its author should be a writer instead of a doctor—or at least in addition to.

You may wonder why this note is coming to you from Arizona rather than Australia. Through very bad management I picked the present as a period in which to be obliged to take an enforced vacation; accordingly, I am now the world's most reluctant absentee from Melbourne and the one U.S. Olympic official party member who isn't there.

But, with your able help I hope and expect to gain full information on everything that takes place at the 1984 Olympics.

ANA HUBBELL

Secretary,

U.S. Olympic Committee

Tucson, Ariz.

SUPERB JOB

Sir:

Your Olympic Preview Issue will remain part of my permanent sports library long after I have used it for comparison with the actual results from Melbourne.

It is truly a superb job.

PETER SAGAN
Chairman, National AAU
Track and Field Committee

New York

WORLD IN CHAOS

Sir:

This year the Olympic Games take place in a chaotic world. As the athletes disembarked from their planes and ships in Australia, the news from Iran and Budapest could not have been more disturbing. There was doubt that the Games would even take place. Yet, as you said in your Olympic Preview Issue, "a vast part of the world dings . . . so the stubborn conviction that the Games should go on. . ."

We may thank God for that stubborn conviction. For, as the Games progress, they give the lie to those who are "absorbing" in "the idealistic concept of the Olympics." No Olympics has been so free of "unsportsmanlike conduct," so free of flaccid and official apologetics, so free of tension-making incidents (such as Hitler's ignoring of the great champion Jesse Owens at the 1936 Games).

Conversely, I can remember no Games which, in their friendly competition, in their opportunity for friendly intercourse between individuals and nations, have seemed to better advance the cause of world peace. And this at a time when the hopes for peace are at low ebb.

To me, at least, the XVI Olympiad of the modern era stands as a monument to man's inherent and never-ending quest for peace and brotherhood. It seems that few summers in recent months have done as much to advance the interests of peace as have the athletes and officials participating in the "children's games" at Melbourne.

I hope nothing will now happen to make our retreat my enthusiasm for this year's Olympic Games. If the spirit of the first weeks of the Games persists, I see no need for concern.

Gary, Ind.

RAY CABBET

BEST FOOT FORWARD

Sir:

I am very proud to have my picture appear in Seymour Chwast's painting of the modern speed holders of the Olympic Games. But the last time I looked I was bounding right by first, over the hurdle—the opposite of the way you pictured me. Biggest surprise is that you have my name spelled correctly. What a hurdle I've had over that mispelling!

Evan J. Thomson

Annapolis, Maryland

■ Navy Track Coach Thomson, left or right leg first, was an outstanding hurdler.—ED.

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN...

Sir:

I enjoyed your special issue very much. I was disappointed, however, to see that in such a complete coverage of this great event you neglected to mention one of the most important groups in the Games.

The men and women of this group are not the athletes who are competing for the gold medal. And they will never be among those who climb to the winner's pedestal. Without them, however, there would not be that free competition which is the Olympic tradition: the best athletes in the world. Yes, I am indeed sorry to see no mention of the trainers.

STEPHEN P. APPERSON

Oserlin, Ohio

■ A belated but therapeutic pat on the strained back muscles of the Olympic trainers.—ED.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (FULFILLERS)

Sir:

In reading your Olympic Preview Issue, I was a little surprised to see that you had completely neglected a definite contender in the long, step and jump, Vilhelmsson Ekstrand (also Willie) spent two years at Dartmouth and, since graduating last June, he has raised his Icelandic national record to 55 feet 10 inches and is still improving.

I expect soon to see his name in your magazine as a medal winner, and a few points on the score sheet for Iceland.

JAMES H. FENNER

New Orleans

■ Willie did well. He finished second to Ferreira Da Silva of Brazil, with both breaking Da Silva's old Olympic record.—ED.

MEDALIST

Sir:

I enjoyed your Olympic Preview Issue very much. I thought perhaps I'd find an answer I was looking for, regarding a slight argument a friend and I had: who is

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Peter

the person who has won the most gold medals in his life and how many? Would you happen to know?

MARY TRACY

Oakbrook, Wm.



RAY EWRY

● American Ray C. Ewry holds the most Olympic gold medals. Competing from 1900 to 1908 in the standing broad jump, standing high jump and standing hop, step and jump (all events since dropped from Olympic competition), he won eight gold medals—10 if the 1906 Games are regarded as a genuine Olympiad. (The 1906 Games are not listed in the official record books, but many historians think this attempt to make the Games a biennial rather than a quadrennial event should be counted since it was a full-scale Olympiad in every respect but date.) An invalid as a child, Ewry began jumping as a means of regaining strength, continued with the sport at Purdue University where he received a master's degree in mechanical engineering. Ewry died in 1937, undefeated in Olympic competition.—ED.

FRESH FROM THE COCONUTS

I greatly enjoyed your issue on the Olympics. There is one point, however, at which I am puzzled. You have the Australian swimming star, John Marshall, down as a butterfly man. I know that at Yale and in the 1932 Olympics he swam freestyle. Has he changed strokes or is this a mistake?

JOHN ROBERTS

Kent, Conn.

● Marshall switched from freestyle to butterfly stroke when he began training for the 1956 Olympics, and as

Oct. 30 he won the Australian 200-meter trials in this event.—ED.

OLYMPIC MOTTO

Sir:

Can you tell me the motto of the Olympics? I read through your Olympic Preview issue, but these doesn't seem to be anything there.

ANN RAKEM

Terre Haute, Ind.

● The Olympic motto is: Citius, Altius, Fortius (quicker, higher, more strongly) and epitomizes the desires of competitors, although the Olympic Games are more often characterized by Baron de Coubertin's stated philosophy, "The important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. . . ."—ED.

THE VAULTERS

Sir:

Your Olympic issue states that Pole Vaulter Bob Richards is the only 15-foot vaulter competing in the 1956 Games. Since Bob Graham removed himself from the team, in favor of Bob Gutowski of Occidental College, the U.S. team now has two 15-foot vaulters competing. Let's hope they both clear 15 feet come the day of decision.

R. R. GUNSON

Alhambra, Calif.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED applauds the sportsmanship of Graham, a good vaulter, who voluntarily withdrew in favor of Gutowski, a better one. We also applaud the one-two finish of Richards and Gutowski at Melbourne, although neither topped 15 feet.—ED.

ELVIS RECOMMENDED

Sir:

Oh to be in Melbourne now that the Olympics are here! I don't suppose you'd give some vital statistics on your "vague's gallery" of male competitors? I am usually an Elvis Presley fan, but after your last issue—well, WOW!

BETTER BELL

New York

● Wow! indeed. But Miss Bell should be more specific. There are 217 males on the U.S. Olympic squad alone. Anyone in particular?—ED.

GODS NEIGHBORS

Sir:

We have been astonished by your unawareness of the fact that many of your readers are Canadians. Canada is entered in the current Olympiad. Perhaps you didn't know this. There are athletes in this country as well as lumberjacks. Canadians present a threat in some Olympic events, particularly rowing and paddling.

"The Olympics, furthermore, are not 'America (the U.S.) against the world,'" as you said. Please do not be poisoned by the appalling attitude of Americans toward the rest of the world. We sincerely hope this attitude does not affect American athletes and/or those who remain upon their able performances.

JIM SKRINE
JAN LACROIX
GORD RICHIE

Queen's University
Kingston, Ont.

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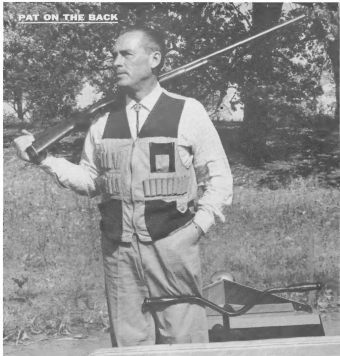
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Art Sharp

LEIGHTON A. WILKIE

The commendable impulse to share good fortune and at the same time take part in wild life conservation motivated Wilkie last year when he bought 430 acres of beautiful hilly land in the Lake Geneva district of Wisconsin as a recreation area for his company's 3,000 employees. Wilkie is chairman of the DoAll Company, which manufactures machine tools, cutting tools and gauges and has its home office in Des Plaines, Ill. A native of Minnesota and graduate of the state university, Wilkie's interest in hunting and taking sterna from his boyhood, and he is no mean shot. On African safari with his son in 1930 he bagged an agglomeration of big game ranging from an oxpe to a rhino.

Thunderbird Recreation Area (the name of the new

hunting preserve) is located just 60 miles from Chicago. Admission is by permit only, and all the hunters must conform to rigid regulations which are administered by a resident manager. Thunderbird is licensed by the state of Wisconsin as a shooting preserve, a game bird and animal farm and a private fish hatchery. Happy hunters can shoot quail, wild turkey, chukar partridge and waterfowl in specially designated areas or can fish trout and bass from the lakes. Says Wilkie, an earnest man of 59: "There are few places where people can go and find hunting and fishing in the wilds. We have provided them with ideal, controlled conditions. They like it and enjoy it every day. It has worked out beautifully, a complete success."

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